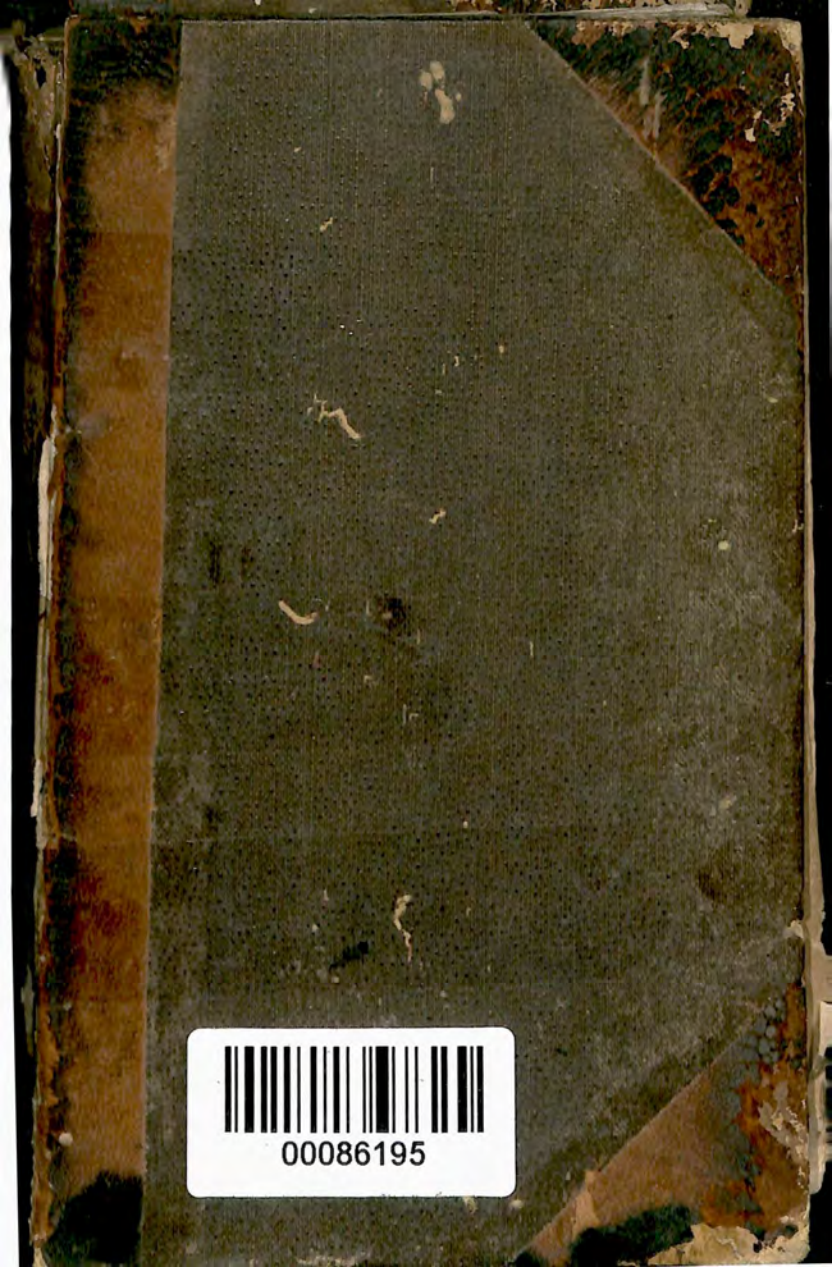
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BOMBAY BRANCH

OF THE

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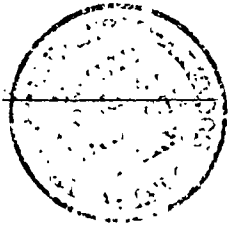
THE

LIVING AND THE DEAD.

86195

SECOND SERIES.



LONDON:

HENRY COLBURN, NEW BURLINGTON STREET.

1829.

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PREFACE.

In presenting to the public a Second Series of the Living and the Dead, I trust I may be permitted to make an observation or two on the reception afforded to the First. The book was much more generally reviewed than usually falls to the lot of a single volume. While, therefore, I beg to express my thanks for the *quantity* of advice given me, I have deeply to regret its conflicting *quality*.

By one critic I was "warned against the pathetic, but encouraged strongly to follow up my fine

perception of the humorous." By another I was advised to "shun whatever bordered even on the burlesque, for which I had neither tact nor talent;" but to "cultivate the pathetic, which was clearly my forte."—One affirmed that the book was of too religious a cast ever to become popular. Another, that it had no religion in it at all! One reviewer told me that mine was "*facetious* Christianity." Another deprecated my "manifest adherence to the *gloomy* tenets of Calvinism." One notice asserted the book was "too professional; there was nothing pungent — nothing piquant about it." Another, towards the close of a bitter article, declared—"it was intolerably personal, but nevertheless would sell."

Amid such conflicting opinions, what course remained open to me? Simply this—to follow the bent of my own feelings: and, bearing in mind the strictures with which the severest of my critics assailed me, whatever was clearly made out to me as faulty in the first volume, to shun, if possible, in the second.

How far I have succeeded must be left to the judgment of the reader.

There is one point, and only one, on which I feel any degree of anger, or am disposed to offer a syllable in explanation. I allude to the spirit in which two periodicals of the day animadverted upon the paper on "Rennell" and the sketch of "Archdeacon Daubeny."

That considerable hostility should be entertained by the Antinomian party in the Church of England towards the memory of two men who had been during their whole lives the firm and uncompromising opponents of Antinomian principles, —who had more than once unmasked their pernicious tendency, and maintained both in the pulpit and from the press that the very essence of faith is practice—was what I was prepared to expect. That writers in that interest should abuse me was unavoidable. But that a man in the bitterness of party-spirit should have been hardy enough to assert that "Rennell's private charac-

ter was by no means unsullied;" and that the account of him in the First Series "was immeasurably partial, and most grossly flattered," did, I must confess, amaze me.

The Patron from whom Mr. Rennell received his preferment at Kensington is avowedly most tenacious and proverbially well-informed on the score of private character. While Mr. R. was at Cambridge, no tongue ever dared to asperse——. But enough. IT IS FALSE. "What!"—he will see I am in full possession of his name and history —"do you still smart under the recollection of his poignant and well-merited reproof? Is the remembrance of it—coolly as it was given—so very galling that you would, if possible, stigmatise his memory? Be consistent! Leave a church at once whose Articles you impugn and whose ranks you disgrace."

Another writer of similar views, though in a different publication, unblushingly asserts that "the sketch entitled Archdeacon Daubeny was

written—taking the Archdeacon's influence and unbounded generosity into account—solely with mercenary views:—nay further, "*the narrative was actually drawn up under the Archdeacon's own eye and corrected by his own pen!*"

To this I reply, The FALSEHOOD of such a statement is equalled only by its MALIGNITY.

Yet these are the men who talk "of the high standard of *their* views"—"of the holiness of *their* motives"—and "the faithfulness of *their* intentions:"—who affirm that "every sentence they pen is under the influence of the spirit"——of falsehood? "every opinion they promulgate bottomed on the purest motives"——of malevolence?

That I occupied a station peculiarly favourable for forming an estimate of the Archdeacon's habits and character, I admit:—that I availed myself of the advantages placed within my reach, I concede also:—but the sketch was written when hundreds of miles divided us—when we had parted never to

meet again in this world! I said the Archdeacon was no common man. I repeat it. He was one of those rare instances in which a mitre has been *offered* and REFUSED. "I am too old"—such was the noble candour of his reply—"to incur the heavy responsibility of such an office. In younger days I might have come to a different decision. But I feel that the Church, in the unequal contest she has now to wage, requires in her foremost ranks men whose intellects are unimpaired—whose energies are unbroken. I shall best discharge my duty in the station I now occupy."

This singular disinterestedness and dignity of character he maintained through life. An instance in point occurs to me. He was at Weymouth during the stay of the Royal Family, and by some accident was unexpectedly called upon to preach. The subject of his sermon was "personal piety"—its necessity and its reward;—a difficult subject to handle in the hearing of a court; and rendered still more hazardous by the fearless

manner in which the vices of the day were exposed and reproved. The Queen* was among his auditors. He had scarcely reached his house when General Disbrowe waited on him to convey the expression of the Queen's approbation of his sermon; and to intimate her Majesty's desire for a private perusal of the manuscript. It was returned in the course of ten days, with a few words written upon it in pencil, to this effect:—that it had been read to the King; that his Majesty cordially approved of the sentiments it contained, and wished to see the writer at court.

"I am not fit for a court," said the Archdeacon with a smile; "far less I fear for the office of a court-preacher. I will yield to no subject in affectionate loyalty to my King. No man can feel more attached—more devoted to his person—more flattered—more delighted by his notice. But I am persuaded I shall best serve both Church and King by adhering firmly to the station in which

* Her late majesty Queen Charlotte.

the great Head of the Church has placed me."

The fact is, that a gradual but very momentous change has of late years taken place in the Church of England. And if the conflict that awaits her be arduous, it is long since she was so well-prepared for an encounter either with popery or infidelity as at this very time,—when active, zealous, and energetic clergymen are daily becoming more general;—and above all, when we observe such promotions on the bench as those which have lately cheered the friends of religion in the exaltation of a Coplestone, a Kaye, and the Sumners.

These last-mentioned names must always excite no common degree of interest and attention. Two brothers, at such an early period of life, seated on the bench at one and the same time, is an unusual spectacle in our hierarchy. In point of interest, the younger brother takes precedence of the elder. Towards the Bishop of Winchester, whether he be regarded as a prelate raised with

almost unexampled rapidity—as presiding, at such a comparatively early age, over the third see in the kingdom—or as, till very recently, the spiritual monitor of the highest personage in the realm —many an inquiring eye has been anxiously directed.

"What opinions does he hold?"—"What manner of spirit" is he of?—Is such unusual advancement the meed of unusual merit?

A few facts which have been circulated in the higher ecclesiastical circles respecting him, place his character in a very peculiar light. The first few sermons addressed by him to the royal ear were sermons not written, as is almost invariably the case, expressly for the occasion; but plain, simple, faithful expositions of solemn duties, which had been previously delivered during the course of his ministerial career, it is stated, at Highclere.

"I well knew," was his manly observation, "the force of the temptation that awaited me. I was jealous, and afraid of myself. Conscious

that were I to sit down to write for SUCH an auditory, feelings, unsuspected even by myself, might influence me; apprehensive that I might, unconsciously, perhaps, but effectually, omit or soften down what was scriptural, solemn, or true; I determined, though the alternative was not a pleasant one, to deliver without addition or alteration that which had been written under tranquil and ordinary circumstances, and had approved itself to my own conscience."

That ministerial efforts regulated by such noble motives should be successful, should be *permitted* to acquire influence and inspire confidence, is natural, nay, unavoidable.

"I am beset on all sides," was the monarch's playful observation. "One asks me for this, and another wishes for that. In point of suitors, I believe I could even match the lord chancellor: yet, Sumner, I never meet with any request from you. How is this?"

"May it please your Majesty," was the reply,

"I too am like others. I have a certain object at heart, a private request of my own to make, and I have been anxiously waiting an opportunity to introduce it."

"Let me have it now," was the permission granted with a smile not unmixed with surprise.

"During the reign of your Majesty's revered father a custom prevailed, that the household, morning and evening, should be summoned to family prayer. This practice, with your Majesty's permission, is what I should wish to be revived and fully acted upon."

"By all means. Why was it not named before? But is this all, Sumner? Where is YOUR request?"

"For myself, Sire, I have none to make. Your Majesty's bounty has left me nothing to ask."

It was as a close and practical preacher that Mr. Sumner first rivetted the royal attention. On one occasion, the King is known himself to have selected the subject. He requested his uncom-

promising chaplain to write on the parable of the talents. The royal command was, of course, obeyed. The King listened most attentively to the sermon; in the afterpart of the day warmly thanked the preacher, and added these remarkable words:—

"SUMNER, YOU MAKE ME TREMBLE AT MY OWN RESPONSIBILITY!"

It was in reference to this sermon that the Earl of ———, one of the lords in waiting, whispered, at its close, to Lord ——

"It is well Pelham is not alive. The days of courtly and easy-conscienced bishops seem to have gone by."

"And those of Latimer to be fast approaching!"

Nor is the higher tone assumed both in doctrine and discipline by her bishops the sole reason of the change which is daily becoming more and more visible in the Church of England. Among the blessings lately conferred upon her is, with

reverence be it spoken, the retirement of the Earl of Eldon. Excellent as his intentions undoubtedly were, various and valuable as his services confessedly have been, the system on which he distributed the crown-livings was inconceivably mischievous. I allude in particular to his habit of permitting livings, large and populous, to remain vacant, month after month, and year after year;* and also to the notorious and avowed indifference with which he received petitions, no matter how numerously or respectably signed; no matter how lengthened the services, or how irreproachable the character of the curate in whose behalf they were presented.

The evils of such a course were clear to every mind but his own, acute and penetrating as that is well known to be. An incumbent of a crown-living dies. The living is sequestrated forthwith:

* Crown-livings lapse at no period to the bishop, on the principle *Nullum tempus occurrit regi.*

that is, the *temporalities* * are placed under the management of churchwardens, who are sometimes too occupied, and sometimes too ignorant, to attend to them; *the spiritualities* are confided to the care of the curate.

In this state a crown-living has been known to remain SEVEN years!

What follows? The curate, if the duties of the parish be heavy, and he were accustomed to receive the assistance of his incumbent in the discharge of them, finds the pressure when they devolve *solely* upon himself overwhelming. He is driven to the adoption of a maxim, which all overlaboured functionaries are strongly tempted to call in to their relief; I mean the notable aphorism, that where business is too heavy to be *properly* disposed of, the only way to get through it *at all*

* Management of the glebe, collecting of tithes and Easter dues, repair of the parsonage-house, paying the curate's stipend, and if *he* die, or be removed, nominating *another*.

is, "*to omit one half altogether, and to take the other half easily!*"

Does no criminality attach to that man who thus deliberately reduces to such an alternative even the best intentions and the most active disposition?

On the other hand, if his incumbent be *non-resident*, and the curate the sole officiating clergyman, his plans during the interregnum are completely deranged. The new incumbent may appear to-morrow, next week, or *next year*. He may be a young man, equal to his own duty, and therefore require no assistance. He may be an old man, and have sons of his own in orders, with whom he would prefer officiating. Meanwhile, he has no rector's experience to appeal to when he requires advice, support, or sanction; no rector's purse to flee to for the sorrows of the indigent, or the necessities of the dying.

As to plans of his own, they may be changed or rendered nugatory to-morrow. The new rector may have long cherished projects of his own to

carry into effect, or be averse to undertaking any at all. Upon those which his own mind suggests, what folly it were to enter, when there is such little probability he may ever witness the result.

Beset by uncertainties, the curate of many a *vacant* crown-living has thus been tossed to and fro: on one point only there has been no doubt, *that* HE *would never have the living.*

"I have the most decided objection," was Lord Eldon's oft-repeated argument, "to allow weight to popular opinion in any matter of moment; and such I deem church patronage." Admitted. Yet few will deny that had the wishes of the people been more frequently consulted in the disposal of livings, there would have been fewer meeting-houses and better filled churches. That popular opinion, strongly and respectfully expressed in favour of a well-known and highly-deserving object, is not worthy of the same attention in ecclesiastical matters which is paid to it in all others, was one of those *few* points on which Lord Eldon

had "NO DOUBT." At last the incubus is removed; and the prejudices of John Earl of Eldon no longer fetter the Church of England.—Yet is he, naturally, a kind-hearted and good-tempered man; though he can be testy, as well as dilatory, in filling up his presentations.

The Duke of C—— wrote to him on behalf of a lady "whose welfare was very dear to him." Mrs. —— had been the duke's nurse; and from His Royal Highness's letters, (and nothing could possibly be more attached and affectionate than the style in which they were written, or the terms by which he addressed her,) it was clear, no less than from his exertions, that he did indeed "take a very lively interest in her happiness."

On quitting the royal family, ample provision had been made for her. Her husband, however, died. She made a second, and not perhaps very prudent choice. The gentleman was many years her junior; and they became involved in difficulties.

At length Mr. —— obtained orders; and Mrs. —— wrote to the duke to apprise him of that event; of her own reduced circumstances; and to hint, for there was no request, how very available His Royal Highness's interference with the chancellor might prove in her husband's behalf.

The duke replied by return of post: he had that very day written to the chancellor on the subject of her letter. The moment he received his lordship's answer she should hear from him. The next post but one brought her the duke's letter to the chancellor, and his lordship's reply. The latter was short, but most satisfactory. His Royal Highness's wishes respecting Mr. —— should be "carried into effect the first favourable opportunity."

Weeks, months, two years elapsed without bringing any communication from the chancellor. Mrs. —— became anxious, then angry, and, at length recalled her husband and his promise to the great lawyer's recollection. What the tenor of

Mrs. ——'s letter to him was, I know not. What the amount of his reply was, I well remember. He inclosed a presentation; and of the short and angry note which accompanied it this was the main observation—"*from the numberless applications made to me, the public must suppose I have a living to give away every quarter of an hour.*"

There is yet another reason to be assigned for the hope which many indulge, that the dawn, and more than the dawn, is clearly perceptible of better days for the Church of England, in the augmented remuneration, and, consequently, increased respectability conferred upon her curates.

The disgraceful day has gone by for ever, when the curate was considered in a light little better than that of a menial servant. His remuneration was altogether dependent upon the will of his incumbent: his continuance in the cure was entirely regulated by his employer's caprice: his comfort was never considered: his respectability never consulted. But a wiser, and better, and

more wholesome opinion now obtains. It has been found that to raise in popular estimation the main body of stipendiary ministers, and to heighten their individual influence, is to strengthen the hands of the Church; that the more independent and respectable a body of curates a diocese possesses, in that diocese are the interests of the Church of England proportionably advanced, and the spiritual wants of her poor attended to.

"*I feel myself bound*"—was the dignified reply of the present Bishop of Peterborough to an overbearing incumbent who would fain have oppressed an innocent man—"*to protect my curates' interests. There is every reason why I should respect their rights: there is none whatever why I should overlook them.* I feel no animosity to those whose conclusions are different. Mine is, that THE CURATES ARE THE WORKING BODY IN THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND."

Nor has any prelate more uniformly acted upon that principle in the kindness and countenance

which his curates have invariably received from this eminently learned and truly noble-minded man.

So was it not always. In other quarters different principles have prevailed, and other feelings have been acted upon.

An anecdote occurs to me in point. I relate it as it was told me, by no means pledging myself for its accuracy, *verbatim*; but feeling quite sure, from the source whence I derived it, that the incident really did occur.

The precentor of ———, who held two large livings, a prebendal stall in one cathedral, and a canonry in another, was in want of a butler. The dignitary lived in considerable style, and there were many applicants for the situation: among the rest was one man of prepossessing exterior, superior address, and well attested character, to whom the precentor gave a decided preference, and whom, in fact, he had all *but* resolved on engaging.

"Your wages?" said Mr. Precentor. "Sixty guineas a year, the privilege of paying all the bills, and a dozen of wine quarterly."

"Sixty guineas! sixty guineas! why that's more than I give either of my curates at Bevington or Marshfield. Sixty guineas! I am amazed at the enormity of the demand! My curates, sir—University men—men of superior talents and unquestionable attainments, have but fifty."

"Very true, sir—very true; *and, for my own part, I can safely say that I have always felt a degree of pity for those* POOR DEVILS!"

POSTSCRIPT.

While this volume has been going through the press Mr. Barnard has ceased to exist. In making this avowal, I by no means wish to shrink from any responsibility which his journal may entail, or from participation in any sentiment or opinion it may contain. I regret, certainly, it has not had the benefit of correction from his own pen; and I am more than ever anxious, though, from motives of delicacy, the names of persons and places have been in some instances changed, it should be considered throughout as founded on fact.

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A COUNTRY CURATE'S PILGRIMAGE.

"I remember, I remember the house where I was born,
The little window where the sun came peeping in at morn:
He never came a wink too soon, nor brought too long a day,
But now I often wish the night had borne my breath away.

I remember, I remember the fir-trees dark and high;
I used to think their slender tops were close against the sky;
It was a childish ignorance, but now 'tis little joy,
To know I'm farther off from heaven than when I was a boy."

HOOD'S *Whims and Oddities.*

A COUNTRY CURATE'S PILGRIMAGE.

THERE are few whose early prospects were brighter, or whose academical career was more enviable than my own. From the first hour of my entering the gates of Trinity, to the close of my residence within its noble pile, I seemed borne along on the full flowing tide of success. An idle man—the rewards of unwearied study and application seemed to woo my acceptance. A poor man—independence became mine almost without an effort. "Curse that fellow's luck," was the hearty aspiration of an unsuccessful rival; "with the devil at his elbow he commands success."

It was indeed singularly unbroken. Within a month after my matriculation a scholarship became

vacant, appropriated to natives of my own county. For this I had no competitor. Scarcely had I paid the fees for my degree when a fellowship was unexpectedly declared open, with a preference, *cæteris paribus*, to students from the school where it had been my fortune to be educated. For this I had a severe contest; but succeeded. What would I give to feel again the alternations of hope and fear, the thick beatings of the heart, the glow of feverish excitement, that restlessness of spirit which sought in vain relief from thought in continued motion, when the concluding effort had been made, the last set of papers given in, and the examiners were debating our doom?

Alas! such feelings are to be experienced only once! How often high-wrought expectation, which promised so much, is turned into a remembrance which stings us; the hopes to which we so fondly clung eventually deceive us; and the passions which promised us rapture, reward us with despair! "Notre cœur est un instrument incomplet; une lyre où il manque des cordes, et où nous sommes forces de rendre les accens de la joie sur le ton consacré aux soupirs." Stand

forth from the niche of memory, Dick Brotherton, thou prince of idlers and best of good fellows—with a quip and a crank ever on thy lip, and stores of inexhaustible mirth beaming in thy merry blue eye—always in a predicament thyself, yet ever ready to welcome the good fortune of others, again I see thy round, joyous, good-tempered face; again I hear thy cordial hearty laugh; "Barnard, give you joy, you're a fellow."

There is an intoxication in success. None but those who speak from personal experience can form a just idea of the exhiliration attendant on successful rivalry. None but those who have been the architects of their own fortune can appreciate the force or the bliss of the reflection: "Born to no other inheritance but that of poverty, God has permitted exertion and character to raise me to independence."

I had now reached the utmost pitch of happiness. Heaven, I thought, had no greater boon to offer me. It had been the dream of my early ambition to become a fellow of my college. That coveted distinction was mine; and in this dream—it was a very delightful one—swiftly rolled away

five happy years. During that period I took orders. It then struck me whether aught but a life of active exertion befitted a Christian minister. The time allotted to every man for labor is at best but short; and for many of our brethren—alas! that these should be the most gifted and the most successful—is prepared an early grave: Was it right then to squander away precious hours, which ought to be devoted to ministerial usefulness in the acquisition of profound and curious, but, after all, not very available knowledge? to dwell for months upon a particle? to consume years in mastering the long-agitated question, whether Hebrew should be read with or without points? or, who was the author of Ikon Basilike? to plunge into the endless and unprofitable controversy respecting the heavenly witnesses, and then to find that the Christian religion was not in the slightest degree affected either by the reception or rejection of the passage? to smother the flames of holy zeal amid the ices of metaphysics? to impair the physical energies by midnight application to subjects which yielded no adequate return; and this, while there were

thousands to whose best interests those years and those energies might be profitably and successfully devoted?

The reflections which the subject suggested oppressed me. Had I voluntarily undertaken the solemn obligations of a clergyman? Then a life not of indolent contemplation but of active exertion became me. I would devote myself exclusively to my profession; but, to do so, I must resign my fellowship. I made this discovery with a sigh. The determination cost me much. I loved my college: I love it still. At this moment, when long years have intervened—when the visions of my youth have one by one departed—the many happy hours there spent—the friendships there formed—the many amiable and excellent dispositions I have seen there developed—all rise successively before me: "Peace be within thy walls, prosperity within thy precincts!"

I waited on the master, Bishop Hinchliffe, to communicate my intention. He heard me with a look of surprise that mocks description. He sat bolt upright in his chair, with the air of a man between sleeping and waking; and at length drew a long breath, and articulated, "Can you be serious?"

"Perfectly so; and I now, my lord, wait upon you officially, to apprise you of my intentions." He rubbed his spectacles in silence, put them on, and looked at me; then, turning round in his chair, deliberately ejaculated, "You are hypochondriacal, Mr. Barnard. I venture to recommend horse exercise."

This dry remark, uttered in those low, clear tones, to which he owed so much of his fame as a public speaker, and which certainly were unrivalled for their singular melody and distinctness, for a moment posed me; but, recovering myself, I stated anew my reasons. "I was leading an idle life in Cambridge. I wished to be engaged earnestly and entirely in the duties of my profession. I had mused away too much of existence already." "Humph! Have you weighed the consequences of this step sufficiently? Is it right to resign prospects which are slowly but surely opening to you in the Society? You may be useful, sir, very useful in your college. A considerable portion of those who, from the adventitious advantages of wealth, or station, or the higher one of superior intellect, must hereafter figure in the world, repair to Trinity; and it has been my avowed and

constant aim to render every individual under my care, whom wealth, or rank, or talents mark out for public life, not only the gentleman and the scholar, but the steadfast and accomplished advocate of established principles in church and state. I have now matured my system, and begin to perceive its effects. Over many rising young statesmen I maintain in the world that ascendancy I acquired here. They communicate with me in confidence. And," he added with a lofty air, "the influence I have fairly won, I use exclusively in advancing the interests of religion, and protecting those of the church. In this plan I contemplate your future co-operation. Here then is a field of usefulness, from which I trust no fanatical impressions, no new-fangled notions will divert you. Contrast the facilities for study you possess here—the accumulated treasures of antiquity which lie ever open before you—the advantages of learned society, with the horrors of being buried alive in some country parish, without a library to consult, or a reasonable being to converse with. I fear, sir," fixing his full penetrating eye upon me, "the demon of romance has seized you. You believe the life

of a parish priest to be one of unmixed satisfaction, producing only the purest and happiest results. Live, and be wiser. Such a life exists only in fancy. He has obstacles to contend with, trials to undergo, tempers to encounter, and privations to endure, which would sour the temper and secularise the heart of a saint!"

"I have counted the cost, and—"

"Counted the cost! Oh! oh!" said the bishop, "I now perceive." He drew himself up with an air of inconceivable dignity, "Sir, I have no further remark to offer."

My first curacy was Hornchurch in Essex. The registrar stared when I handed in my nomination, and requested him to submit it with my other papers to the bishop. "What! Hornchurch! It is a parish renowned for its *discords*, and contains within it elements of strife and disquiet to break the heart of any man who is in the slightest degree solicitous as to the discharge of his duty." I am sorry to confess his censures were just. "We have been very highly taught here, sir," was the ominous salutation of the senior churchwarden, the first morning I made my appearance in the vestry.

"We require not 'milk for babes, but strong meat for men.'" The evils of this course were but too apparent. The self-styled sound churchmen followed the example of their late pastor in declaring themselves *above ordinances*. They would enter the church in the very middle of the service. They "cared little enough" for the national liturgy; less still for the prayers. It was "the sermon they looked to;" and it was a truth as incontrovertible as it was lamentable, that the two men who professed themselves the greatest "sticklers for gospel truth," and who boasted of their deep insight into spiritual matters, possessed the most harsh and ungovernable tempers; delighted in opposing the minister; and led the loosest lives in the parish. From the mouth of one when excited, and the slightest trifle was sufficient, would flow a torrent of oaths and obscenities which chilled the hearts of all who heard him. The other, after having heard four, or perhaps five sermons, at as many different places of worship, closed his sabbath in habitual intoxication.

Yet I must ever review my sojourn at Horn-

church with feelings of the deepest interest, as the place where I spent some of my happiest hours—as the scene of my early love. But she—the object of that love—her life was bitterness—her rest is the grave. Teach me, O teach me, gracious Father, to submit, and to forget! From the bed of sickness has that supplication risen; from the bosom of the rolling waters; in the house of God and at the bed-side of the dying; 'mid the garish splendors of noon, and in the stillness of midnight; in joy and in sorrow, in hope and in disappointment—teach me to submit and forget! Adela Loraine was an orphan. Her father had been rector of Hornchurch; but little had she inherited from him, except his spotless name and the recollection of his many virtues. She lived with her aunt, Mrs. Dysart; and at the period of my introduction to her was on the very brink of beggary, in consequence of that aunt's mismanagement. Mrs. Dysart had chosen to speculate in the funds with her niece's fortune; and in consequence of some informality on her part, of which her agent had taken advantage, the ultimate recovery of any por-

tion of Miss Loraine's property was extremely problematical. This was the more extraordinary as Mrs. Dysart was "a woman of parts." She aspired to this character, and did her best to support it. "I'm no French scholar," was her daily exclamation, "and I scorn deceit. Education has done nothing for ME. I'm a *literal* woman. But Providence has blessed me with parts, and I feel I can use them." Often did I wish, and hundreds I can vouch for it have done the same, that she had not been quite so literal, and that education had done more for her. She would ask such excruciating questions, and talk at times, notwithstanding her parts, such ineffable nonsense, that it was almost martyrdom to listen to her. She was fond of asserting that the climate of Devonshire and India was "much the same;" and that she had "a brother who died at Torquay on the fifth of *February* of a *coup de l'isle*."—"So you were born at Morpeth," said she to a gawky Northumbrian, "pray did you know my father?" —"No!"—"Well! I AM amazed! Why he was the incumbrance of the living for upwards of forty years!" Moreover, she had the most unfortunate

memory imaginable. Any family misfortune, misalliance, divorce, elopement, any blot in a noble escutcheon, any event or occurrence, death or duel, which from its nature or consequences was better forgotten, was faithfully treasured up in her memory, and produced, "time, place, and occasion fitting." Thus I heard her ask a Mr. Shirley whether it was true that Earl Ferrers was hung with a silken cord, and went in his own coach to Tyburn? because, "*as one of the family, you* MUST *know; so do tell me all about it.*"—"Marlow! Marlow!" said she, on being introduced to a gentleman of that name, "why there was a Lady Marlow that went off with a Colonel Clavering. A very pretty woman she was; and mightily was the affair canvassed at the time. Pray, sir, are you any relation?" She was addressing the son. "Manesty! Manesty!" said she, at a large dinner, "I've heard that name before I'm sure." She looked full in the face of the unfortunate man who owned it. "I have some recollection connected with that name, if I could but hit upon it. Oh! I have it. Manesty—ay, it is no common name. There was a very s-h-o-c-k-i-n-g fellow of that name at Cam-

bridge in my brother's time. He used to cry fire at one o'clock in the morning, in the midst of the quadrangle, and alarm the master and fellows of his college beyond measure. Then as to his principles, no girl who had any pretensions—but, however, he was rusticated." Coughs went round the table. Every body seemed on a sudden to have taken cold. But the woman of parts elevated her voice, and proceeded, "He was rusticated twice, and finally expelled. Pray, sir, can you give me any intelligence as to what ultimately became of him?—not that any family would care to own him!"

The unhappy object of her inquiries, with a face the color of scarlet, and in a state of the most pitiable confusion, fronted her.

The contrast afforded by the gentle being who sat by the side of this accomplished tormentor, endeavouring to cover her mistakes, and at times appearing ready to sink into the earth at her aunt's extravagancies, was peculiarly striking. Her mourning dress, her singular and touching style of beauty, her destitute situation, the state of thraldom in which her relative seemed to hold her, and the manner in which she shrunk from the inuendoes

which assailed her, all tended to create an interest in her favor.

Perhaps this was unconsciously heightened by the closing admonition of her protectress on the first evening of our acquaintance. "Come, Adela, child, give me my shawl. That's right: wrap it well round me. Its your interest, you know, to take good care of me. God knows what would become of you if I was taken away!"

The future did indeed appear shrouded in gloom. Mrs. Dysart's agent had decamped. His bankruptcy followed. The assignees denied Mrs. D.'s claim, and defied her to substantiate it. At this crisis she requested my interference and advice. Both were readily, and, I rejoice to say, successfully given. The repeated interviews which the conduct of the affair required—and there seemed no limit to the delays and difficulties interposed by the adverse party—ripened acquaintance into intimacy; and to know and love Adela was the same. Our union was determined on. She herself had chosen our future abode, and assisted in forming the plans we were thenceforth to pursue together. Mrs. Dysart openly approved of our

engagement; secretly thwarted it. "You are love-sick, girl!" was the accusation daily rung in poor Adela's ears, "and I'm ashamed of you. Where could you learn such notions? Not from me: I disown them! They are beneath any female of breeding. When I married Mr. Dysart I'd defy the closest and keenest observer to say I cared a rush about him; and though he was the most melancholy man that ever breathed, I was a pattern wife to him all his days. You are love-sick, girl—I repeat it—or you would see clearly as I can that you might do better."

The day for our marriage was fixed; but in the interim Mrs. D. discovered that she was threatened with palsy; and her medical attendants, that nothing could avert it but the use of Bath waters. There she repaired with her niece immediately; and in less than a month—there was a mystery about it I could never unravel, and I am strongly disposed to think that on each side letters must have been intercepted—a communication reached me from her aunt demanding my "congratulations on Miss Loraine's marriage with the opulent Mr.

Winterton;" a man old enough to be her father—a wealthy, but irritable, worn-out rake.

This blow—I have grown calm and unrepining with years—yet who can separate the waters which are once united, or divide the hearts which have met and mingled into one?

But to return to my cure. I have before alluded to the untractable spirits I had to encounter. Nor was this all. Mine was a church blessed with a choir; and throughout the whole county of Essex was reckoned a very musical, though by no means an harmonious, parish. The fame of the Hornchurch singers stood high; and, to give them their due, they did their very best to support it. Anthems, chants, choruses, solos, trios, all were rehearsed, practised, and performed with singular earnestness. No passage seemed to pose them; and every thing that was appointed to be either said or sung they "preferred hearing with the addition of a shake and a cadence!" At length I found their exhibitions trenched so materially on the service, that, to dismiss the congregation in any thing like reasonable time, I must

considerably curtail, if not omit altogether my sermon. This I certainly was not prepared to do. I sounded a parley. An alteration was indispensable: I called on them to make it. They acted like Mr. Halford of Hembury. Mr. Halford, a very worthy Devonshire squire, sent for Mr. Green, the civil engineer, from Exeter, and desired that he would forthwith widen the main entrance to Hembury House. "The passage is too narrow. I have felt it to be so for years. It *must* be widened. It *shall* be widened, and that immediately. Survey the premises. Make a plan. Let the thing be set about at once."—"Nothing can be easier," was the engineer's reply. "Take down this wall, and a few inches will—"—"What! take down the wall of my kitchen? No; that's what I'll never allow to be done while I am above ground. My kitchen is small enough already. I never have company but my ears are stunned with my cook's complaints of its size. No, sir, some other expedient must be hit upon—think again."—"Well, friend, then suppose we take down the other wall, and remove it a few feet."—"The deuce you would! Pray, sir, do you know what wall

that is? That's the wall of my study. I can scarcely swing a cat in it as it is; and by reducing it as you propose, you would leave me a room I could not by possibility breathe in—three feet by three for a man of my size! Pray, sir, do you wish me to be smothered in my own house?—Monstrous!"

"Friend," said the engineer, waxing warmer than Quakers, even wet ones, usually do, "thy conduct deserves that epithet, not mine. Thou sendest for me at a distance of twenty miles to widen the passage to thy house, which thou affirmest *must positively be done*. I propose taking down one wall; thou objectest. I then suggest the removal of the other; thou peremptorily refusest.—How dost thou intend thy wish to be accomplished, and what object can be served by my coming? Thou hast abundance of money, but surely lackest common sense."

In a similar spirit did the Hornchurch choir receive my remonstrances. There was nothing they were willing to concede; there was nothing they felt they could, "with any regard to their own character," alter, omit, or abbreviate. "The

Psalms were EXCEEDING POOR without they were chanted! and if the Psalms were chanted, so of course must be the *Venite,* which was introductory to them.—An anthem was indispensable. —The parish would not feel themselves *comfortable* without it.—They never sang *less* than SIX verses of any psalm.—And as for the *Jubilate, Nunc Dimittis,* and *Magnificat,* the vilest village band chanted them; and it would be strânge indeed if the Hornchurch singers were to omit them. They were the first choir in the county, and would spend their last *breath* to prove it."

Thus the interview ended—unsatisfactorily to both parties. Nothing I saw was to be gained by reason or remonstrance; while they regarded me as a flat beyond their power to harmonise.

Meanwhile on went the "services" with increased effect. There was one which I thought would have driven me to desperation. It was called TIPPOO'S TE DEUM. There was a mystery about it I never could penetrate. Whether the man who compiled it was called Tippoo, or whether it was first introduced on the defeat of the eastern warrior, or whether certain passages

of it were borrowed from his war-cries,—their discord would well warrant such a conclusion—I tried in vain to ascertain. But of this I am morally certain, that among the vast variety of musical compositions, there must be, there can be, only one Tippoo's Te Deum!

It was neither adagio—nor allegretto—nor moderato. There was much in it undoubtedly con spirito; for, after three solos, a duet, two trios, and a quartette, it closed with the most terrific, deafening, and dissonant chorus that ever resounded within the walls of a country church.

On this point I resolved to put the matter at issue, and accordingly declared war against Tippoo in form. I told the choir that was a part of the service which was either to be said or sung. I judged it far more devotional that it should be said; and should accordingly read it the next and every succeeding Sunday. This was a measure of which I trusted they would see the propriety, and to which I expected their cordial assent.

They were sullen and silent. I put my determination in force. But scarcely had the first

verse left my lips when the choir took up the second, and chanted the remainder as usual. This outrage on common propriety offended all the respectable and reflecting people in the parish; and I was requested to take measures to prevent, if possible, its recurrence. But in vain; the choir had many and wealthy supporters. I applied to an eminent civilian to know what powers the ecclesiastical law afforded a clergyman so situated, and by what process punishment would reach the offenders; but found, not only that redress was tedious, doubtful, and expensive, but that a subscription had been entered into to support the choir in case of a contest, and to indemnify them for any expense they might incur. My resolution was taken. I came into that parish with the message, and with the hope of peace. A practice existed in it utterly subversive of decorum and devotion. It might for ever have been abolished had the parish been unanimous in their wish to put it down. This was not the case; and I would retire. I wrote to the Archbishop of Canterbury—Hornchurch, though a peculiar, was in his jurisdiction—to lay the circumstances of the case before him,

and with them my determination. His grace censured most highly the practice complained of—found he could not interfere—but gave me some very judicious directions—and rather pressed my continuance in the curacy. The warden and fellows of New College, however, to whom the advowson belongs, and in whose hands my incumbent was a cypher, said, "We would fain have order and unanimity in the church, though at some sacrifice. Perhaps the conclusion you have arrived at is a wise one." I thought so; and with a light heart quitted the cure of Hornchurch, which my successor retained *six* weeks, and his successor nearly nine, for that of Ashbrook, a lovely village in Devonshire. There, amid honest, simple-minded beings, by whom my labours were far too highly appreciated, and whose attachment to myself was unbounded, I spent three happy years. They would have been years of unmixed enjoyment, could I have forborne to think of HER; and wonder whether the career of gaiety and extravagance, which I learnt she was now pursuing, was one that brought solid peace or lasting comfort to her bosom; whether the painful reflection ever obtruded

itself on her retirement from the feverish crowds of fashion, in the silent sleepless hours of the night; that all these gaieties were on the eve of their departure; and that a life thus spent in the vain pursuit of these unsatisfactory shadows, could be no fitting preparation for those awful realities which will most assuredly succeed.

It was at Ashbrook I became acquainted with Lord Llanberris. He could scarcely at the period I date my introduction to him have been more than three and twenty; yet he looked forty. How shall I describe him? How shall I do justice to that tall and finely-proportioned figure prematurely bent by care—that glossy hair, dark as the raven's plume, yet already sprinkled with grey—those noble features, and that magnificent voice—both, both expressive of the same feeling, the most deeply-seated melancholy and chagrin? He entered into no society—appeared to have no companions—the current of his life seemed to run joylessly along; and though master of an ample fortune, the representative of an ancient family, and holding a stake in the county that justified, if not demanded, his taking a prominent part in all pub-

lic matters, he maintained the most entire and unvaried seclusion. And thus had he lived for many months previous to my reaching Ashbrook.

Yet he had sources of happiness peculiarly his own. He was the most bountiful and benevolent of human beings. It was delightful on entering the cottages of the poor around his estate, to find them stored with comforts unknown in many a poor man's dwelling, and to receive the same unvarying reply, "It came from the Hall"—"It was sent by my lord."

In his devotional duties, too, he was punctual and exemplary. His private life was unstained by excess or profligacy. His tenants revered him as a kind and considerate landlord: his servants adored him as a most indulgent master. He seemed to live but to communicate that happiness which he tasted not himself.

I have noticed his exemplary discharge of his sacred duties; yet it ever appeared to me that the joys of religion were to him unknown. His countenance never brightened with the glow of devotion. His eye—I have watched it during the most thrilling parts of the service—never beamed

with the well-grounded hope of the Christian, nor lit up at hearing the detail of the magnificent prospects which awaited him. He appeared to have no idea of the comforts which deeply-seated religious convictions afford—of the stay and support they can lend, when every earthly hope has vanished, and every human friend has fled. All was cold and cheerless. He seemed to look upon God entirely as a being to be dreaded—never as a benefactor to be loved. His was Christianity of the head, not of the heart; and his worship seemed the mournful slavery of a frail and feeble being doomed to die, not the glorious liberty of the grateful Christian.

Yet was he not divested of high and holy thoughts. "The sun,"—thus he once expressed himself,—"rises in glory and sets in splendor; the moon walks on in her lonely brightness; the stars softly shine; the winds lift up their voice; and the sea rolls its waves in endless succession on the shore: the heart is impressed; the spirit is elevated; and how often do we worship nature when we think we worship God? Yet, surely, surely, there is a religion of nature most magnificent—most sub-

duing! The perpetual music of the winds and running waters, with the deep bass of the never silent sea, are but the hallelujahs sung by the adoring earth as it rolls along before the foot-stool of its Creator."

His habits—his conflicting qualities, and the intense interest with which, in spite of myself, he had inspired me, suggested inquiries into his history. It was as extraordinary and inexplicable as himself.

His mother, a very beautiful girl, had married the late Lord Llanberris at a time when his brother had supposed all chance of his forming a matrimonial engagement at an end, and both the estate and title his own. Nothing could exceed the rage with which Mr. Des Vismes received the news of his brother's marriage; or the measure of ill-judged and impotent malice with which he and his family assailed the character of their new relative.

Lady Llanberris behaved nobly.

"I will listen to nothing that is said *for them.* They are disappointed; that they should be so is both natural and unavoidable. I can make great

allowance for them; who in the first moment of disappointment does not say much more than he means? I shall judge of their conduct only as it is exhibited personally towards myself."

But when Mr. Des Vismes, on the first and only visit Lady Llanberris ever paid him, addressed her as Miss St. Clair, and told her that hereafter it would be proved that was her right appellation—the only one indeed to which she was legally entitled—the insult made an indelible impression.

"Know now and hereafter, that my real, my rightful, my only appellation is Agnes Llanberris; that by every law, human and divine, I am your brother's wife. You shall know this, and rue it to your dying hour!"

They had been married some years without issue; and Mr. Des Vismes' hopes were as highly raised and as imprudently expressed as ever, when his brother was taken alarmingly ill, and ordered to the south of France. Bourdeaux was the station recommended; and there, after lingering a few months, Lord Llanberris died.

Mr. Des Vismes learnt the event with inexpres-

sible joy; assumed the title forthwith; hurried down to Ashbrook, and was in the midst of the bustle of taking possession, when his transports were damped by the unexpected intelligence that the countess was likely to prove a mother. She returned to England with her lord's body; and five months after his father's decease, Horace Lord Llanberris was born.

The intense and indescribable anxiety of the countess that her child should be a son—the unwearied importunity with which she besought Heaven to listen to her prayers—the joy (it nearly cost her her life) with which she heard this the cherished hope of her heart had been realised—the manner in which she clasped her babe to her bosom and wept over him tears of joy, were described to me in the most vivid and affecting terms. But a very painful ordeal was before her. Des Vismes claimed the title, and endeavoured, as he said he would, to set aside her marriage.

With that decision which marked her character she immediately signified her readiness to enter into the investigation of her rights; and the ability with which she directed her counsel, and noted

the strong points of her case—the coolness, self-possession, and firmness with which she met the assertions of her opponents, and prepared to grapple with the consequences, should her defence be unsuccessful, extorted admiration even from those who were professionally retained to oppose her.

She triumphed. If she had any appetite for revenge, it was glutted. The expenses into which Mr. Des Vismes was hurried did, as she declared they would, ruin him; and she lived to see those who wished to have proved her a kept-mistress and her child illegitimate, soliciting her bounty, and crouching to her for their daily bread.

But to return to the young Lord Llanberris. He was educated, under his mother's anxious superintendence, by a Mr. Satterthwaite, who resided at the Hall; a man of high attainments, but indifferent character; to whose injudicious maxims, and still more erroneous example, much of Lord L.'s subsequent wretchedness might be attributed. His mother died some months before he came of age; and his tutor, rather suddenly, about a year afterwards. Since that period he had lived in the manner which has been described.

Such was the substance of my informant's narrative; and instead of gratifying my curiosity, it only irritated it. The whole affair appeared more inexplicable than ever: it was not destined long to remain so.

In Ashbrook, simple and sequestered as it was, crime made its appearance. A young woman, very respectably connected, who had received a better education than usually falls to the lot even of the middle orders, and had borne from her childhood an unimpeachable character, was taken up on suspicion of the murder of her infant. The deed had been shrouded in the darkness of midnight; no eye, save that to which slumber is unknown, had witnessed its commission: those who were most conversant with her habits had no suspicion of the occurrence; but after some interval, the body of the little victim was accidentally discovered—was traced by circumstantial evidence to her. She was tried, found guilty, and executed.

I judged it a fair opportunity for affecting the consciences and hearts of my hearers. The event had excited the strongest sensation. The criminal had been known to all of us. Her

fate spoke loudly of human weakness, and of the necessity and importance of help from above; a lesson which can never be enforced too forcibly or too frequently.

Selecting that singular passage, "if you have sinned, be sure your sin will find you out," I dwelt on the certainty of sin finding us out; that its consequences would ultimately and assuredly overtake and overwhelm the sinner; that though the detection of crime was sometimes deferred, its guilt was not forgiven. The Almighty, as a pure and spotless being, hated it; as a just and upright judge was bound to punish it. Many remarkable instances of sin being detected and punished in this world, confirmed the truth of the position. We ourselves might recollect instances where the all-just Judge had in a very unexpected and even wonderful manner brought crimes to light, secretly committed years ago, and when every seeming probability of detection was at an end. It had happened more than once that man had become his own accuser; and unable to contend with the reproaches and stings of conscience, had confessed his own guilt, and resigned himself to punishment.

I had reached this part of my subject when Lord Llanberris, his face like marble, and his whole frame quivering with emotion, staggered out of the church. His hurried step—his uncontrollable agitation—I scarcely knew what construction to put upon his conduct. But other events intervened, and I forgot it.

About six months afterwards, his land-steward, Bradley, was thrown from his horse and severely injured. His recovery was pronounced hopeless, and he sent to say he wished to see me. I obeyed his summons, and found with him Lord Llanberris. To my surprise his lordship remained during the whole period I passed with the sufferer, and paid the most undivided attention to whatever fell from the old man's lips or mine. We met more than once; and the conversation turning one evening on religious topics, I ventured to express the pleasure I felt at the example set by his lordship in his constant attendance at church, and the still greater satisfaction I should feel at seeing him at the Lord's table.

"Impossible!"

"I should hope not. The man who re-

flects for a moment whence the command issued, 'Do——'"

"Pshaw! you know not to whom you are talking!" He spoke with unusual vehemence, and abruptly tore himself away!

"Have my lord and you had much talk, sir," said the poor sufferer faintly. "Warn him, Mr. Barnard, warn him for the love of God! Oh! if you knew ALL!"

"All! all what?" I inquired.

"What was I saying, sir? I wander. Your honor won't notice what a poor helpless creature like me says." His eye watched the expression of mine with an anxiety and cunning I can neither express nor define. "My lord's very good—very good! But hereafter—hereafter."

The hand which grasped mine gradually relaxed its hold—a sigh, and all was over!

Lord Llanberris, to the utter astonishment of the hamlet, attended the funeral. To my mind, far from sorrow, there was an expression of joy—of exultation in his countenance as he followed the remains of his old retainer to the tomb. I watched him narrowly; perhaps it was imagination—per-

haps it was reality; but his step seemed more firm, and his attitude more than usually erect and commanding, when, with a slight bow to the mourners, he turned away at the conclusion of the ceremony to the private door which led from the churchyard into his own grounds.

Events were consequent on that funeral which neither he nor any one else anticipated. The evening was damp and chill: Lord Llanberris was uncovered; and I heard with concern the next morning that he was very unwell; in the course of the evening, that he was worse; the next day, that physicians had been sent for from Exeter, and that his lordship was considered in imminent danger.

Strange as his conduct had been, I deemed it but an act of duty to call and make my personal inquiries. "His lordship had had some refreshing sleep, and was in many respects better."

Pleased with this report, for I could not divest myself of a strong interest in his fate, I hurried home at a brisker pace, and with happier feelings. And when I thought of his lonely situation, the helplessness of man in sickness, the unbounded generosity with which he had soothed the wants of

others on the bed of sickness, and now that he had no one to administer to his own, I fancied that I had often done him injustice, and felt ashamed of my unworthy suspicions. It was eleven. I was on the point of going to rest, when a messenger arrived from the Hall. Lord Llanberris had been apprised of my visit, and wished to see me without delay.

I went. He was lying in the large tapestried, gloomy, but magnificently furnished apartment, where his mother died. They had bled him in the temple, and bandages of linen were tied round his head. His countenance, always pale, looked inexpressibly wan and ghastly; while the cloths bound about his head might have been taken for the cerements of the grave.

He smiled, and said faintly, "This is kind!" Then—but tales of the other world seem best to come from the lips of those who have nearly done with this. Listen to his own words.

LORD LLANBERRIS.

"The whole history of mankind shows that HE ONLY is truly enviable, who is TRULY INNOCENT; and not to turn pale at the thought of secret misconduct, is really, what it has been called, the brazen wall that protects the mind. He who has it, let him never part from it; whether under thatch or canopy, it will ever be his richest and happiest possession."

LORD LLANBERRIS.

"THEY tell me I am better," said he; "but my own feelings assure me I shall be gone before midnight. I cannot bring myself to leave the world without disclosing what has long hung insupportably heavy on my conscience. Consent then to be the depositary of my secret; and if, after hearing the sad recital, you do not disdain such an office, my friend, my comforter!

"You have heard, perhaps, my mother's history: the degradation to which, after her husband's death, his family would fain have reduced her; their efforts to blast her character, and leave her to beggary; how she met their machinations, and baffled them.

"My mother! oh, my mother! thou shouldst have survived thy son! The guilt and wretchedness which now overwhelm me would then perhaps have been averted! I should then have had no cause but to reverence and love thy memory; for how faulty soever thy conduct to others, to me thou wast ever the kindest, the tenderest, the most affectionate of parents!

"It was not perhaps extraordinary, under the circumstances, that from my earliest youth the deepest and most undying hatred was instilled into my bosom towards all the Llanberris family. '*Thou art not my son, boy,*' was my mother's oft-repeated exclamation, '*if thou hast not an implacable aversion to all who bear the name of Des Vismes.*' I well remember, (it was the only instance of anger towards me exhibited in her whole life,) when I ventured to urge in reply that they were all, without exception, in misfortune; had suffered, and were still suffering, deeply from their unprincipled line of conduct; she exclaimed—'Leave me, boy, or thy mother will curse the pangs which brought thee into the world!'

"By none was this unchristian feeling more care-

fully cherished than by him who, from my earliest years, was intrusted with the care of my education—the Rev. Silas Satterthwaite. He professed what are termed high principles. They appeared to me to be the maximum of religious profession with the minimum of religious conduct. He styled himself an INDEPENDENT; others called him an ANTINOMIAN; but be his creed what it might, his practice inspired me with the most unqualified abhorrence.

"It was often matter to me of the most painful surprise to observe the ascendancy he had acquired over my mother. She, whose impetuous spirit would from others brook no opposition, quailed under the glance of his eye. Nor can words do justice to my amazement when, on completing my education, she requested I would offer him a home at Ashbrook for the remainder of his days. I hesitated; and told her frankly there were parts of his conduct I could neither approve nor sanction.

"'The late Lord Llanberris, Horace, died in his arms.'

" ' True, mother, but I dislike the man—his maxims—his conduct altogether.'

" ' *I* ask it of you, Horace, *I* ask it. Am I to receive a refusal to my first request?'

" I acquiesced. The proposition was reluctantly made; but, as I foresaw, instantly accepted.

" Years rolled on unmarked by any unusual event, till, after a long and severe struggle for existence, my mother was told that the resources of art were exhausted, and that a few hours would terminate her sufferings.

" I was with her when this announcement was made. She received it without the slightest change of feature. ' How many hours of *intellect* may I safely calculate on?'

" ' Barely twenty.'

" ' Leave me, then, for I have much to do.'

" In about an hour and a half she sent for me. I shall never forget the pang I felt at observing the rapid alteration which that short interval had produced. There was something unearthly in her appearance. Her eyes were fearfully bright. Her cheek was flushed with the deepest crimson.

Beauty, it is true, still lingered, but it was the beauty of the grave.

"'Horace, you see me on my death-bed; and in these awful circumstances I have one request to make to you. Promise me that you will be faithful to your mother's memory; that you will never ally yourself with, admit to your confidence, nor succour any of that detested race; that you will avoid, as you would the wiles of the arch enemy himself, any overtures which Des Vismes may make to you after the grave has closed upon me; and that but one feeling will actuate you through life towards the whole of his designing family—deep and implacable hatred.'

"My heart recoiled from this horrible request, and my countenance expressed it.

"'Horace,' she continued in a voice hollow from approaching dissolution, 'you hesitate! Refuse, and my dying curse shall track your footsteps;—refuse, and the blessings which an expiring mother would invoke on her only child shall be turned into maledictions which shall blast——'

"'Mother, mother, I promise!'—was the assent

her frenzy and her circumstances wrung from me.

"'Swear it!' she added with increasing vehemence.

"I did so.

"'And now, Horace, one word more—Mr. Satterthwaite. I am unable, as you are aware, to make any provision for him. Promise me that you will do so—liberally—speedily. Pledge your word to me on this point; assure me, likewise, that his claim on Ashbrook as a home shall at all times be recognised, and I die content.'

"My horror at the idea of having this man for a companion overcame every other consideration, and dictated a gentle but firm refusal. Again did my mother repeat her request, and again did I intreat her to abandon it.

"'Don't exasperate me, Horace, don't exasperate me. From you I merit nothing but tenderness. You little know through what an ocean of guilt I have waded to place you where you are.'

"I scarcely knew whether I heard aright. I fixed my eyes steadfastly on her flushed and agitated countenance, and endeavoured to persuade

myself these were the ravings of delirium. My purpose, however, remained unchanged. I told my mother she herself should name the sum she wished to be settled on Mr. Satterthwaite; but entreated her to dispense with my consent to have him as my companion.

" 'Hear me, then, boy. YOU ARE NOT LORD LLANBERRIS. Your obstinacy has wrung from me this horrid secret, which I intended should have gone with me to the grave. I have loved you but too fondly. I have provided for your interests at the hazard of my soul. I repeat it, as a dying woman, you are not—raise me—raise me.'

" She became convulsed; and, before I could ring for assistance, expired.

" I do not attempt to pourtray the misery this closing interview occasioned me. It is indescribable. It embittered every moment of my life. I was then an impostor. Those whom my mother had always pictured as the offending, were in reality the injured party. Or was her declaration altogether the effect of delirium? I endeavoured to think so; but was wretched.

"Meanwhile, other sources of uneasiness were opened to me. Since the death of his patroness, Mr. Satterthwaite's conduct had been profligate in the extreme. He had always had a taste for low company, and a tendency towards intemperance. These my mother's presence and censures had repressed. Now he indulged both without restraint. I remonstrated. His refuge and support were his Antinomian principles.

"'A little sin won't hurt me,' he began. 'I'm secure. I'm in 'a covenant state;' and the fluctuation of frames and feelings, of sins and frailties, however great, cannot counteract decrees which were settled from all eternity! 'It is impossible for those who were once enlightened and have tasted of the heavenly gift, if they shall fall away, to renew themselves unto repentance.' You have no insight into these matters at present. I much doubt whether you ever will. The doctrine of election is my comfort. 'Jacob have I loved, but Esau have I hated.' Sins! I rather rejoice in them. The best men of old were distinguished for their sins. The sinner is *a sacred character!* These are the right sentiments. Those who do

not hold them belong to the children of Esau, against whom the Almighty hath said, 'I will have indignation for ever!'

"I turned away from the blasphemer with disgust.

"Meanwhile, complaints of him poured in from all quarters. To the servants he was at one time a tyrant, at another a spy. There was no end to the disagreeable interviews which his immoral and unregulated conduct entailed upon me. I was ruminating one evening upon the melancholy depravation of his principles, and the proper methods to be pursued for getting rid of him, when he was brought home from the village in a state of the most disgusting intoxication.

I could not forbear expressing my distress at seeing a man of his religious professions so situated; and my surprise that he, who avowed he maintained principles far stricter and more scriptural than those held by the establishment, should thus shame them by his private life.

"'We cannot fall from grace:'—it was extraordinary that he always spoke on religious topics with the greatest fluency, and quoted scripture with the most singular perversion when thus un-

happily situated:—'cataracts of sin cannot wash away MY certainty of heaven. I will mention a text which shall tingle in your ears—'*In thy book are all my members written.*' This clearly proves the choice which God has made of his church from all eternity. YOU still cling to the rubbish of ordinances. Listen to the truths of Calvinism.'

"'I will not discuss with you now or at any future time Calvinism. I have long been persuaded that its tenets are hostile to morality; and I have a melancholy proof before me, how completely the highest professions can be reconciled with a most depraved course of life. But to-morrow, when you are able to talk rationally, I shall lay before you reasons which will require an entire reformation in your conduct, or an immediate change of residence.'

"'When they persecute you in one city,' I heard him mutter as I left the room, 'flee to another.'

"Before, however, I had an opportunity of seeing him the next morning—for he generally rose late, and after one of these excesses always after twelve—Bradley, my land-steward, desired an

audience; at which he told me that Mr. Satterthwaite, under pretence of converting his wife to '*better principles,*' had been endeavouring to corrupt his daughter; that her lover had heard of it, and vowed vengeance against him; that he felt it his duty to apprise me of all the circumstances, and to beg I would recommend Mr. Satterthwaite —for the present at all events—to quit Ashbrook. My resolution was taken. He was walking, I understood, in the park. I sought him; repeated the facts alleged against him, and inquired if they were true.

"'Even so. Satan had the advantage of me. But what of that? David you know—'

"I interrupted him at once. 'Under these circumstances, the Hall can no longer be an asylum for you. I beg you will quit it without delay.'

"'Never. I have as great a right as you have to reside here; and I leave it not. Lord Llanberris, beware: you are at my mercy. I have nothing to fear from your resentment: you have every thing to dread from mine. Think you my paltry annuity of five hundred a year will impose on me perpetual silence? By no means. The mo-

ment I choose to open my mouth, I can prove your mother to have been an adulteress—yourself to be a ——.'

"I could contain myself no longer. Passion obtained the mastery. I struck him fiercely. He fell. These were his dying words—'*Monster, you have murdered your* FATHER!'

"I rushed from the spot in an agony of feeling which defies description. Hours I wandered I know not whither. All was true, then? My very worst fears were confirmed. My mother was an adulteress—myself an impostor: nay more, a parricide. O what would I have given to recall that one short hour! Labour—poverty—privation—all would have been warmly welcomed, could I have freed myself from that load of guilt and wretchedness which seemed to weigh down my soul. I prayed earnestly, fervently, that the boon of life might be at once withdrawn; or that I might have help and strength given me to face the future.

"It was nearly sunset when I heard my name called. My faithful Bradley accosted me. He came up calmly and slowly—his very manner seemed to inspire me with self-possession—and

said, 'My lord, I beg to prepare you for a very painful occurrence;—Mr. Satterthwaite has been found dead in the park of apoplexy.' My conscience suggested to me he laid peculiar emphasis on the last two words; and I have often thought he rightly guessed how the deceased had met his end. But his manner then and always was that of an attached and affectionate servant towards a master whom he had nursed in infancy; and I owe him much. He continued, 'I have undertaken, my lord, the whole management of the matter. The coroner has been sent for, and an inquest will be held to-morrow. Your lordship looks much shocked and distressed. I supposed you would. Perhaps you will prefer returning to the house by the private path, and retiring to your own room.'

"I followed his directions mechanically. His words had roused me to a sense of my danger. Yet I thought, but the reflection brought me no comfort, Satterthwaite and myself were alone. No one had witnessed the encounter, or seen the blow. But the agony, the wretchedness, the *duration* of that night, I thought it would never end!

"Morning came—bright sunny morning—the birds carolled sweetly; every breeze seemed fraught with perfume. I looked to heaven, it was calm and unclouded; on the sea it lay still as the repose of infancy before me; all seemed at peace without; 'twas only the tempest of remorse that raged impetuously within. I fell into an uneasy and feverish slumber; was awakened by the preparations for the inquest.

"Bradley was as good as his word. The coroner came, and the jury sat. Their deliberations were short; for dinner awaited their decision. The habits of the deceased were detailed; his state on the preceding evening was minutely described: a surgeon was present, who gave it as his opinion that the deceased's death was caused by apoplexy; and the jury returned a verdict, *Died by the visitation of God.*

"Bradley communicated the result to me in the fewest words: 'I will not intrude farther on your lordship's privacy. You do not yet seem to have recovered the shock, and will do well to retire early to rest.'

"Rest! I never knew it from that moment.

Rest! it seemed to have fled my couch for ever. Rest! none ever came either to body or mind. The consciousness of secret guilt crushed me to the dust; and in the perpetual goadings of remorse, from which no effort could free me, I seemed to feel the first gnawings of that worm that never dies.

"I have envied the meanest hind on my estate. As I watched the villager in my walks, returning worn and weary after his hard day's toil to his rugged pallet and scanty fare, and witnessed the welcome which affection gave him, and saw the glow of honest satisfaction lighting up his sun-burnt face, I would have given worlds to exchange my lot for his. And at times, when the recollections of my childhood rose before me—when I thought of those by-gone days when mirth bubbled up free and joyous from the heart, and melody flowed unbidden from the voice—when the one was never fevered, and the other never sad—the contrast would almost deprive me of intellect. With a cry I would rush into the woods, and endeavour to escape from myself.

"Nor was this my only punishment. My—my fa—, the word will choke me, I cannot utter it,

incessantly followed me. At home or abroad, go where I would, my victim stood beside me! That leaden eye, that lowering visage, that discoloured temple, I could never divest myself of his presence. My every action was marked by a witness from the grave. HE, into whose presence another hour will bring me, knows with what bitter contrition I have bewailed the past! HE knows what days of inexpressible agony and heartfelt humiliation that single act of my life has cost me! Again and again have I meditated to avow the infamy of my birth to Des Vismes, and then to resign myself to punishment. But my mother's fame, the disgrace, the dishonour that such a proceeding would entail upon our name deterred me. The suffering it would occasion influenced me not. I have again and again endured in one hour torture, to which the mere agony of dying would be transport! Oh! 'There is no killing like that which kills the heart!'

"One resolution I made and kept—I would never marry. My inheritance would then revert to its proper owner; and my feelings plainly and cheeringly told me I should not long usurp it. This

was the only act of justice I could, with security, perform. It is true, I endeavoured to render my wretched existence beneficial to others, and to diffuse promptly and liberally among the needy and oppressed that wealth which was a curse to myself. But after all—

"'*The spirit of a man can sustain his infirmities, but a wounded spirit who can bear?*'

"I do not ask you to comfort me, to console, or reassure me. Talk to me not of that place where the very air is music, and the universal accent praise; or of HIM whose name and whose nature is holy.

"For me, alas! what hope remains, whether I look backward on the past, or forward to the future? The past, a tissue of falsehood. The future, endless punishment. YET PRAY FOR ME. Pray—for my life is ebbing rapidly away. Pray—while this ear, already dulled by approaching death, can listen to your supplications. Pray—if at the eleventh hour there may be hopes of mercy. Pray—" and his tone of entreaty changed into a shriek of woe which chilled my very heart's blood, —"Pray—for HE IS HERE."

I turned: but no, no, it was the excitement of the moment—it was the horrid story I had been hearing—it was the stillness of the hour, and the peculiarity of my situation—it was the sight of the dying man's despair, and the responsibility which I felt attached to the interview—it was not, it could not, be real; but I saw, or seemed to see, a figure standing close to the bed, and gazing intently upon its writhing occupant. Over its features brooded that deep, mysterious, awful calm, which marks the aspect of the dead; a small, but deeply-discoloured spot appeared on the left temple, while from the lip there seemed to trickle a few drops of blood.

I passed my hands hurriedly over my eyes, as if to exclude this horrid vision. A faint cry escaped the parricide's lips. I glanced for one instant at his countenance—the seal of death was upon it.

A COUNTRY CURATE'S PILGRIMAGE,

RESUMED.

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I REMAINED at Ashbrook about eleven months after Lord Llanberris died; but have no incident to record. At the end of that period my incumbent made an advantageous exchange of livings with an invalid clergyman, who begged to nominate his own son to the curacy. I could, of course, raise no objection; and cheerfully began to institute inquiries respecting a neighbouring cure.

While these were pending, I received a letter from a Mr. Beveridge. He was "in want of *immediate* assistance for his living of Lanesborough. He wished to communicate with me in person; and the sooner I could oblige him in this respect

the better." I rode over to Lanesborough the next morning. Nothing could exceed the courtesy and kindness of my reception, or the amenity with which Mr. Beveridge stated his views. "*He wanted,*" such was the delicate manner in which he approached the subject, "*a colleague rather than a curate.*" On every point he was candid and communicative but one—the cause why his "late coadjutor," Mr. Lavie, quitted him. And yet, from some motive I could not define, I was more anxious to come at this fact than any other!

Mr. Lavie was a highly-gifted and very gentlemanly man. His private character was irreproachable. He was unwearied in his attention to his professional duties; was much esteemed by the *magnates* of his parish; adored by the poor: yet they "*had parted abruptly, and on hostile terms.*"

This struck me as remarkable; the more, when I minutely observed Mr. Beveridge, and noted his mild demeanour and conciliating manners. The issue of the interview was an engagement; but before our arrangements were concluded, I availed myself of an incidental allusion to Mr. Lavie to revert to the subject, and to request I might be

put in possession of the precise reason of that gentleman's quitting the curacy.

"Mr. Lavie had only one fault: he was too particular, too unbending. He carried certain notions into practice, very proper—very praiseworthy—in the abstract, but which would not admit of a general application. In fact, with all his valuable qualities, and they were many, he was *a thoroughly impracticable man*. But the subject is in many respects a very painful one, and I would rather not advert to it. Excuse, therefore, my addressing myself to another topic. When will you join me?"

Within a fortnight I was at Lanesborough.

For eighteen months all was harmony. I had obtained, I thought, a permanent resting-place. If two men are to act pleasantly together, there must be unanimity of sentiment. This was the case at Lanesborough. Mr. Beveridge's views and opinions closely coincided with my own; and for the first year and half the satisfaction felt at the connexion was mutual. At the end of that period a new character appeared on the scene, in the person of the Marchioness of Middlesex. Her castle

was distant about a mile from the village. She was the lady of the manor; the patroness of the living; the standard of fashion and elegance for all the *ambitieuses* of the hamlet; in fact, the vicegerent of the village.

She was a sportswoman. I see her now in her blue riding habit—her beaver stuck jauntily on one side, and a monthly rose in her button-hole—riding briskly to cover; and what with the fire of the noble animal she rode, and the spirit, grace, and firmness of her own movements, presented a spectacle which "no man," so said the late Duke of Norfolk, "would regret rising at five in the morning to witness."

There was a marquis—a good-tempered, easy, quiet man, of whom the world knew little or nothing; a son—shy, reserved, and silent; and two daughters; but the *genius* of the family, "its life, grace, and ornament," was the marchioness.

They came to church the Sunday but one after their arrival in state. Their progress, to be sure, was more "like that of those who came to be worshipped, than that of worshippers." But their retinue was larger this year than usual—the party

staying at Hatterfield unexpectedly numerous—the church was crowded—and Mr. Beveridge delighted.

In the suite was an individual called Sam, whom the gods had blessed with a moderate share of humour, and an abundance of impudence. He was moreover ambitious. He aspired to the character of a critic; and if an observation escaped my lips which did not entirely square with his notions of orthodoxy; or one which he "*judged* SAINTISH,—*a thing he could never, at no time, abide,*"—he would twist his nose fairly round, and with an elevation of eye-brow and expression of countenance irresistibly comic, ejaculate—"*Whew!*"—His immediate neighbours were of course in a roar.

These manœuvres were any thing but agreeable: they were too palpable and too successful to be passed over in silence. I sent for Mr. Cleverly, and remonstrated. He asked pardon on Saturday, and on the ensuing Sunday was more irreverent and outrageous than ever. I then resolved on making a personal complaint to the marchio-

ness, and apprised Mr. Beveridge of my intention.

He looked aghast, glanced anxiously round the room to satisfy himself he was not overheard, then in the most cautious tones proceeded: "If you value your own comfort—my happiness—the tranquillity of the parish—your own prospects—be silent. You know not, my good sir, to what an extent you would involve yourself. Mercy on me! I don't know when I've received such a blow!"

He paused to wipe the drops off his brow, and then in still more solemn tones proceeded—"Are you aware that the marquis is the lord-lieutenant of the county—has the ear of ministers—is the personal friend of the king? that the marchioness presents to the living—that she gave it to me—that I was—have you any water here?—tutor to her son? My dear sir, you see in what a state of inextricable embarrassment your proceedings will place me! Mr. Barnard, I am surprised—I am astonished—sir, I am amazed—yes, amazed beyond measure at your want of discretion."

I handed him a glass of water in silence, for I was amazed also. He carried it with difficulty to his lips, but in an instant afterwards returned it, exclaiming—"My agitation prevents my swallowing!"

It was now, I thought, my turn to speak.

"'Inextricable embarrassment!' 'Want of discretion!' Surely you are not in earnest when you apply these terms to the simple act of preferring a complaint against that vagabond Sam?"

"Sam!" said he, lowering his voice till it almost became a whisper; "do you know who Sam is?"

"Yes; one of her ladyship's retainers."

"Retainer!" He is her confidential servant—has the charge of her horses—manages her stud—is her supreme director in sporting matters—accompanies her to the field—precedes her in hunting—is the guardian of her life—is—(yes! I may safely call him so) her personal protector. 'Vagabond!' why do you know in the field he rides immediately before her; and when they come to a doubtful or dangerous leap, Sam will reconnoitre and take it first. If he judges it safe he will hal-

loo—'*All's right! Come on, my lady!*' And she has been heard to say, when hesitating, 'O, if Sam thinks it safe for me, over I go to a certainty!' 'Vagabond!' mercy on me! you've no conception whom you are vituperating! Why, sir, his influence with the marchioness is of such a paramount description, that on one occasion—I can speak to it confidently, for I was present—the hounds had thrown off, and she was on the point of following them, when two gentlemen of high consideration in the county rode up, and accosted her. She returned their salutation; entered into conversation; and the three were talking over, with considerable earnestness, certain points relating to county interests, and involving questions of very considerable importance, when Sam, who had manifested evident symptoms of impatience and indignation, vociferated—

"'Holloa, you chaps. Come along, my lady. Don't stand talking there all day. The hounds are out of sight already!'

"'I've much more to say to you,' was her prompt reply; 'but Sam is angry, and I must be off.'

"I am resolved, nevertheless, to represent his indefensible conduct to his noble mistress, and to abide the result."

"You will! what! after all I have said—despite of all my warnings?—On your own head then be the consequences. I wash my hands of the affair, and desire my name may be in no way implicated or alluded to."

I promised compliance, and we parted. I had an interview with the marchioness the day following. I, briefly, and without comment of any kind, laid the circumstances of the case before her; and stated, that as my own remonstrance had failed, it was to her interference alone I now looked for a cessation of what was in its nature and consequences highly reprehensible.

She looked grave. "I wish I had never heard this," she began. "It is certainly most disrospectful conduct towards you."

"For myself, personally, I care nothing; but the interests of religion require—"

"Religion! I never talk about religion in society. I consider it far too sacred a subject for common conversation."

"But your ladyship's rank, influence, opportunities, render your responsibility great; and your duty to support the interests of religion is proportionably weighty."

"Mr. Barnard, if that is meant for me as a reproof, all I have to say in reply to it is—I DO MY DUTY TO THE UTMOST; and though, from the incessant demands on my time, I may fail in some respects, I do not apprehend having, on the whole, a balance against me. And really after all, since you compel me to speak so very pointedly, religion is every man's concern with God. I'm a churchwoman myself, of course; but still I do verily believe one religion is as good as another, when men are sincere. I'm exceedingly well-disposed towards the establishment; but, mark me, I've a nervous, an indescribable horror of Calvinism."

"Will your ladyship tell me what Calvinism is?"

"Going to church twice on a Sunday—abjuring the theatre—insisting on the duty of family-prayer—talking as you did, but five minutes since, about people's responsibility, and perpetually ser-

monising upon death—all this is rank Calvinism."

"But death—"

"Is—I know what you're going to say—is a subject of *vital* importance; a main ingredient in a sermon. I admit it. I've looked at him often through a six-barred gate; peeped at him more than once over a high hedge with a neck-breaking ditch on the opposite side; and a very disagreeable grim-looking personage he is! But making faces at one's medicine does not render it more palatable? nor can I see any advantage to be derived from such constant reference to what is unavoidable."

"NONE in the way of *preparation?*"

"No, none. Death is an unpleasant something which must be submitted to. But I see no sort of reason for doubting, especially when I compare the life of others with my own, that I shall do very well, when placed under the disagreeable necessity of ———. But I will talk to Sam. I don't promise you that I can reform him. But I'll talk to him at all events; and severely, *if I remember it.*"

Things were in this unsettled state when, on

the following Sunday, the fifth of the family's appearance at church, the butler, to my inexpressible dismay, stood up, immediately after the blessing had been given, and announced, that "the band would play in King James's room" that and every Sunday evening in the ensuing month, and that admittance to the castle would be granted as usual.

Against this I protested at once. It was a profanation. It was an act by which the church was desecrated. It was an insult to the Being who was worshipped there—to His servant who ministered there—and to the feelings and sympathies of those who, for sacred purposes, assembled there. It was a proceeding in every point of view highly objectionable, and one which no minister ought to suffer.

"It is not right," was Mr. Beveridge's candid admission. "I cannot say I relish it myself. But how am I to proceed?"

"Proceed! Express your indignation at such a notice—your strong sense of its impropriety. Forbid, at once, its ever being read again within the walls of your church."

"But the marchioness! Such a step would give mortal offence. My obligations to her are great. I owe to her bounty every thing I possess. It is wrong, certainly, very wrong; but the time for checking it is gone by. It must go on while I live."

"Not in my hearing at all events; and to prevent my own feelings being again pained by *such* an announcement in *such* a place, and yours by listening to representations which you declare your sense of gratitude will not permit you to entertain, I beg permission to resign."

"Resign, indeed! What! Mr. Lavie over again? *This was the very point which lost me his services*; but I little expected that there were two clergymen in existence so very thin-skinned! Alas! alas! curates are not what they used to be. They have all now a will of their own. To my mind, much, very much, have the bishops to answer for in the weight they have given them, and for the manner in which they talk of their 'meritorious services.' But I am warm. Reconsider it. I am very sorry to part with you. Is this not a point which you can concede?" I shook my head.

"Then give me twenty-four hours for reflection; and perhaps, after consulting my pillow, I may be able to suggest a course which will meet the wishes of both."

In this he failed, and we parted, I trust with kindly feelings and mutual regard. He is now a dignified clergyman. May every comfort and consolation which age requires and religion affords be his!

My next sphere of duty was Yarmouth, in Norfolk; a parish whose population amounted to nineteen thousand, and whose duties were proportionably heavy.

In this large and laborious cure I had happily a colleague: he was an extraordinary being. Poor Theakstone, with him it was throughout *fronti nulla fides!* Under a careless, blunt, and clownish exterior, he concealed the most sensitive feelings that man was ever cursed with. With a mind highly cultivated, stored with classical allusion and sportive repartee, he rarely touched on any topic that was not strictly professional. Ac-

tive and energetic, beyond example, when roused, his natural habits were those of the most determined sluggishness. Two-thirds of his existence were spent in bed; and when reproached for his indolence, he would invariably reply with a sigh, and an air of melancholy conviction that was utterly overpowering, "SLEEP WITH ME IS A DISEASE."

He had, too, one of the most singular methods of writing his sermons that man ever devised or practised. He would on the Monday fix on a text. Upon this he would muse, and meditate, dream and doze, till Friday. He would then on the cover of a letter—for he despised the dull, formal "practice of spoiling sheet after sheet of good paper," and his MS. when complete was a bundle of shreds and scraps, which, on one occasion, flew round the pulpit like Sibylline leaves—carefully note down his divisions; and on Saturday night, at nine, after his third cup of tea, "three and no more," he would set to work in earnest, and finish at eleven: revise once, and the process was ended. Its result was an able, earnest, highly original, and very powerful sermon.

But he was also a very efficient parish priest. There was a sincerity, a straightforwardness, a manliness of thought and action about him, that convinced the veriest gainsayer that his heart was devoted to his profession. He was deservedly popular where he most wished to be known and where he alone cared to be loved, among the children of want and victims of sorrow. His time, his exertions, his purse, all were at their command. And though they might smile, and, in truth, often did smile at his many peculiarities, his cordial sympathy won their affections, while his self-denial and consistent life commanded their respect.

My sketch of him would be unpardonably defective were I to omit all allusion to his style. This, though it might be deprecated at Belgrave Chapel or the Foundling, was admirably adapted to the mixed and motley congregation among whom it was his lot to minister. A few of his originalities occur to me.

"Do you come to the house of God to have your ears tickled with eloquence, and your proud hearts flattered by the accents of entreaty and persuasion? 'The wages of sin is death.'—'The

soul that sinneth, it shall die.' I tell you TRUTH. She stands in no need of these artificial decorations. *Come then to the house of God not as* CRITICS, *but as* SINNERS.

"You lead the most careless lives, and set your offspring the worst of examples, and then feel infinite mortification and chagrin that they turn out idle, disobedient, worthless characters. Like produces like. Pray, did you ever hear of two black people who had a white child?—Be rational in your expectations. Learn to be virtuous yourselves, if you wish your children to grow up so. Form them by your own example; or expect not that while you openly prove to them you honour not your God, they will ever learn to honour you, their father and mother.

"The Jews have a legend that when Titus had destroyed Jerusalem, God Almighty, to be avenged on the enemy of his people, sent a copper fly for his punishment, which crept up his nose, and fed upon his brain till it had killed him. Such then, according to their belief, was the end of this mighty and successful warrior. Alas! how often do the objects toward which we look, and to which

we cling for happiness, prove sources of the most exquisite misery? Like the mule of Absalom, they flee from us when we appear to need them most. Rachel cries, 'Give me children, and I die!' The babe is sent; and, lo! Benjamin the son of her wishes, becomes Benoni the son of her grief, and her soul departs from her!"

The commencement of his sermons was, at times, no less extraordinary. He was preaching on one occasion before a mariner's association, and this was the opening of a discourse, in other respects unexceptionable, and abounding in passages of power and pathos, which no man but himself could have written—"THE FIRST MAXIM IN NAVIGATION IS TO GIVE DANGER A WIDE BERTH."

At another time he deemed it proper to notice the career and end of an individual, well known in the parish, who had in another county paid the forfeit of his life to the laws of his country. He commenced thus—"*Lillyman the incendiary was hung last week at Northampton.*"

It was in these occasional sermons that he excelled. The most happy effects did in many in-

stances attend them. And I should be guilty of great injustice to his memory were I to withhold my conviction that his labours were singularly crowned and blessed by that Omnipotent Being whom he devotedly served. It will readily be imagined that qualities like these attracted attention. He was, on more than one occasion, strongly recommended for preferment; but Lord ———, finding he wanted the support of high connexions to back his suit, turned a deaf ear, till he was at last shamed, by repeated representations, into a show of *providing for him!* He offered Theakstone a donative, annual value 80*l.*, (his curacy at Yarmouth was worth at least 120*l.*) in a part of the country where the prevalence of the ague causes a man to be regarded in the light of a patriarch who attains the age of forty!

"No;" such was Theakstone's reply, "the *tempting* offer just made me,"—and his very profound bow was delightfully ironical,—"I must beg very respectfully to decline. My grandfather, after thirty-eight years' service, died without preferment. My father, after forty years' incessant la-

bour, did the same. I should be sorry to bring disgrace upon my family."

The mode of his decease was extraordinary. It was Sunday the 4th of January. He had been preaching on the new year: his text—"This year thou shalt die." Parish matters accidentally brought me into contact with him on Saturday evening. He was writing away, busily as usual, when he suddenly looked up and said gravely, "Barnard, I am writing my last sermon." I was much struck by his manner, more by his worn and wasted appearance; but he declared he was free from any particular complaint, and I endeavoured to rally him; but finding that was painful, by degrees turned the conversation on indifferent topics.

Sunday came. He preached with his usual animation and energy. Never had I heard him more impressive or effective. I joined him in the vestry, and we left the church together. As we were passing the threshold he stopped—"One last look where I have spent so many happy hours,—where I have so often met my God!" I had never seen

him so depressed, and begged he would allow me to remain with him. "No," said he, promptly declining my offer, "not now—not now. I have for many years preached to others, I must now do so solemnly and searchingly to myself." He held out his hand, shook mine warmly, and added with an emphasis I now understand, and, oh that it may be prophetic! "we shall meet again!"

I went home anxious and distressed; passed an uneasy night, and at six was roused by a message that Mr. Theakstone was extremely ill. I hurried off instantly; but before I could reach his cottage—he was gone.

A still heavier blow, however, awaited me. I have before alluded to my disappointment in early life. I am sensible it threw a mournful tinge over the whole current of my existence. But if she was happy, I ought to be—and I endeavoured to persuade myself I was—content.

A few days after poor Theakstone's funeral, a brother clergyman, to whom I had intrusted some of the events of my past life, called on me. He was the bearer, he said, of painful tidings. Know them I must; for the event was detailed in every

paper;' and he thought it better I should learn it from him than from a stranger—Mrs. Winterton had eloped with Sir T—— W——. Exasperated by inhuman treatment and ceaseless jealousy, she had become a prey to the arts of a villain.

I did feel this event keenly. Had her marriage proved a happy one, I should, in hearing of *her* felicity, have fancied my *own* secured. But when I learnt the depths of degradation into which she had fallen—when I thought what she might have been, and what she was ——. Even now I cannot bear to dwell on the subject. I must on.

Theakstone's successor did not in any way supply his place—did in no respect reconcile me to his loss. I felt the duty of Yarmouth was too heavy for me, and that my constitution was sinking under its pressure. I resolved to retire for an interval from professional cares, and for nearly nine months was an idle man.

My next station was Cornwood: its rector a Mr. Grayburn.

Mr. Grayburn was a hale, handsome, hearty-looking man of about fifty; who for the last "ten

years had been in a dying state." His "existence was most precarious!" He could "hardly count upon its continuance from one hour to another." He laboured—such was his account of himself at our first interview—under "a complication of disorders." His medical men, indeed, had told him that the functions of his liver were most materially deranged; that he was threatened with epilepsy, and that an attack of elephantiasis was by no means improbable; but he had arrived at a very different conclusion. He had long been persuaded that his mesenteric glands had ceased to perform their office, and that the coat of his stomach was entirely worn away.

A pigeon-pie which stood beside him in its last agonies, and a bottle of Madeira nearly empty, which had constituted his lunch, seemed, methought, to give a kind of practical lie to his theory; but his case was beyond me: so I bowed, and was silent; while Mr. Grayburn sighed, and proceeded.

"It was painful," he remarked, "to revert to the past; but he had received a shock about ten years ago, from which his constitution had never rallied! It was a most mysterious business; he

did not feel equal to give me the particulars." What they were, I could never learn. Miss Grayburn occasionally alluded, in her rapid, sketchy manner, to this "unexpected shock;" but when pressed, she likewise felt herself unequal to enter into particulars; but invariably concluded by expressing her conviction that "her dear brother would never recover it."

I trust I do not do him injustice; but if I was to die for it—I may be wrong—I'm sure I've no wish to belie him—but I do verily believe the shock consisted in his unexpectedly finding himself heir to an estate of six thousand per annum.

Since that very deplorable incident, which had so entirely deranged his system, he had been unable to do his duty. Assistance was indispensable. There was a something, a feeling, a sensation, an obstruction, which invariably overpowered him if he attempted the discharge of his professional engagements.

He had consulted every man of eminence in the country. In fact, he had been a fortune to all the medical men within his reach; and his own body-surgeon had built a house solely, as he was frank enough to declare, upon the capacity of Mr.

Grayburn's swallow! While his neighbourhood overflowed with medical men, all of whom felt satisfied they could *relieve* him!

Did a new medicine come out? at all hazards he would try it! Was a new name announced in the medical world? he went up to town forthwith. The gentleman might be able to throw "some light upon his case." Mr. Abernethy he had seen once, and once only. "Would that my state of health had permitted my giving Mr. A. my opinion of him!"

"Sir, he committed an outrage, I can call it nothing less, upon me! I mentioned incidentally, while I was detailing to that gentleman the history of my case, *seriatim*, (from a memorandum-book that I always carry in my left pocket with my name, age, profession, and residence, written legibly in the first page, in order that should my sufferings terminate suddenly in the street the bystanders may be at no loss respecting me, and that I may be treated with that respect which my station and character require,) I mentioned, I say, incidentally, that I was a county magistrate. Only conceive my feelings, my nerves—what a

revulsion—the blow—the shock! Place yourself in my frail and feeble condition; suppose yourself for one instant in my dilapidated state, when he came forward with a hop, skip, and a whistle——and——recommended me—A TURN IN THE TREAD-MILL!"

It was after the commission of this outrage that Mr. Grayburn resolved on adding a resident surgeon to his establishment. For this "*genteel sinecure*,"—in giving Mr. G.'s history I have mainly adhered to his own phrascology,—he selected a Mr. Gotham Lillycrop.

The terms of their agreement were somewhat of the drollest. Mr. Lillycrop's salary received a sensible addition every year that Mr. Grayburn lived. I was told he was a very stout, rosy, robust young fellow when he entered upon his duties as Mr. G.'s constitutional curator. I could scarcely believe it; for when I saw him he was as thin as Lord Durham, had a complexion like a Swedish turnip, complained desperately of want of appetite, and seemed worn to a shadow.

In fact, his was no "sinecure." Temper, time, patience, all were in perpetual requisition. Mr.

Grayburn's demands were endless. Never was a man so painfully possessed of the fear of death. He succeeded in keeping every one about him in an incessant fever of anxiety. Night after night did Mr. Lillycrop sit up by the bed-side of Mr. Grayburn, who would affirm it was utterly impossible he could live till morning, *only to watch his patron's slumbers;* for, among other extraordinary symptoms of Mr. Grayburn's case was this—that when he was at the worst, he was sure to sleep like a ploughboy!

Again and again did poor Mr. Lillycrop hint that his own health was giving way, and that he feared he should be obliged to resign his post.

"I can't last much longer. If you remain with me till the close, you will find a most grateful remembrance of you in my will. Do as you please; but by deserting me you will forfeit an independence. I have left you, Mr. Lillycrop, affluence for life. Would you desert me when it is clear my very hours are numbered? God help me! I shall not be many days longer a burden to any one! I repeat it, do as you please; but if you *do* abandon me in my extremity, you will find you

have relinquished—I will not say what!" And poor Mr. Lillycrop wasted away.*

I think I see them now as they appeared at the supper-table the first evening of my sojourn at Cornwood. "We keep early hours, Mr. Barnard," said the invalid, as he hobbled into the eating-room. "I found, if I did not wish to shorten my little span, I must adopt the most regular system. I breakfast at seven, dine at one, and sup at eight. Tea I have long since abandoned. Ah, Mr. Barnard, you appear to have some stamina about *you!* What would I not give for the slightest spark of renovation in *my* shattered system?"

* The fate of Gotham is memorable. I left him at Cornwood in attendance on Mr. Grayburn as usual, but indisputably the greatest invalid of the two. He continued at intervals to press his dismissal; but was invariably answered—"Now really, Gotham, when you know my constitution so well,—when you possess such a thorough and intimate acquaintance with my peculiar malady, a proposition of this nature is cruel. My end cannot be distant. It is well worth your while to await it. Still, if your determination is inflexible, take the consequences." Mr. Grayburn died at last, without warning, suddenly, and alone. The expectations held out by him to his medical attendant were not falsified. He bequeathed Gotham five hundred a year, *which he enjoyed exactly nine weeks!*

The entrance of Miss Clarissa Grayburn, his "single sister," as the incumbent designated her, was a delightful relief. After a pause, the same theme was renewed.

"Mr. Lillycrop, do you think I may venture on a tumbler of wine and water? I wish to pledge Mr. Barnard on his arrival. May I be permitted such an indulgence?"

"You may, sir," replied the solemn Mr. Lillycrop. The ingredients were mixed by Clarissa.

"There is an unnatural sediment."—"Nothing but the sugar."—"Has it been filtered?" to the servant.—"It has, sir."—"And afterwards boiled?"—"For an hour, sir."—Mr. Grayburn raised it to his lips, but ere he tasted, hastily ejaculated, "The water will be too cold for me. My neighbour, Sir Charles Woodville, died of gout in the stomach, brought on entirely, so his physician assured me, by drinking three parts of a tumbler of cold water!—Is there wine enough, Mr. Lillycrop?"—"Quite sufficient, sir."—"I think there's too much, eh! Mr. Lillycrop?"—"No, sir."—"You don't think it will heat me?—The consequences of fever you know, Mr. Gotham, would

in my case be fatal."—"I do not apprehend them."—"You think it wont hurt me? Perhaps I should be better without it, eh! Lillycrop? Now what do you, speaking seriously, determine on? I will abide by your decision."—"You may venture, Mr. Grayburn," was the dictum of Gotham.—"Well, I doubt whether I may; however, Clarissa, a little more water. I fear its too strong; a few grains of ginger. Stop—so—Mr. Barnard, I pledge you. Your happiness, sir, private and professional.—I've not the pleasure of knowing what are your ailments; but, at all events, may you enjoy a larger share of health than I am ever doomed to experience in this world!"

I could not but admire the tact of Miss Grayburn during this and similar exhibitions. It was clear she considered Mr. Lillycrop as her brother's medical director, and upon his province she never intruded. She went on with her supper as if she considered it a matter far too serious to be interrupted.

"My sister, Mr. Barnard, enjoys a robust state of health. Too robust, I fear, for longevity. I presented her on her last birth-day with Dr.

Twaddle's Treatise on the Diseases of Health. I wish I could prevail upon her to peruse it."

"Never," said Clarissa firmly; and she called for a glass of Burton ale. "I never prescribe for others; and, while sense remains, never will I permit others to prescribe for me.—You may fill up the glass.—I have never had an hour's illness in my life!"

Mr. Grayburn groaned.

"By the way, Felix, see that a joint of mutton is left with that poor ailing woman at the foot of the hill to-morrow. And let a message be sent down to the school on Tuesday to the children: I have fixed their annual feast of beef and plumb-pudding for Friday, the fifth of May."

"Mutton for an ailing woman! Oh Clatty, Clatty, that system of repletion! You are sealing that poor woman's doom. And beef and plumb-pudding for children during such hot weather as the month of May! I foresee pleurisy, scarlet fever, inflammation—all introduced by your means into the village. Where will the mischief end? What mistaken kindness!"

"Don't talk to me about mistakes and mischief,"

Clarissa undauntedly replied; "I know what I'm about! I wish others could say the same. *I* never sent digitalis to an asthmatical weaver, and insisted on his taking it till his breath had nearly stopped altogether. *I* never prevailed on a decrepit woman dying of old age to swallow white mustard seed, to such an extent that her eyes appeared starting from their sockets, and her legs swelled to the size of my mangling roller."

"Clarissa Grayburn," said the rector solemnly, "thou art unworthy to live in a country where the blessings of medicine are known!"

I have inadvertently omitted all mention of an individual whom I saw for a few hours at Cornwood, and who diverted me exceedingly—my predecessor, Mr. Adeane.

"Mr. Adeane," so said the rector, "was a young man that set forms at defiance. He would wear a bachelor's hood some months after he had taken the degree of master. The colour of his sermon-case was purple, whereas it should undoubtedly have been black. He would preach two-and-thirty minutes, which I more than once told him was an act of great intemperance; and

that I deprecated excess in any thing! He persevered in wearing lawn bands after I had pointed out to him the manifest propriety of having muslin; and I caught him one afternoon leaping over a pole in his own orchard, though I had only the preceding morning duly impressed on him that *singular gravity was required in a country clergyman!*"

These were "*the mournful derelictions of duty*," which Mr. Grayburn assured me rendered Mr. Adeane's removal from the curacy of Cornwood "*absolutely indispensable.*" Adeane's own idea on the subject was, that his fault consisted in witnessing the following scene between Miss Clarissa and a Mr. Motte. A scene, at which he laughed till the tears stood in his merry blue eyes while he related it; a scene, which he assured me he had done his utmost to banish from his recollection, but never, never—and he screamed with merriment while he said so—could effect it.

It was about the middle of January. Miss Grayburn's jaws had for some days been giving her considerable uneasiness. Mr. Motte, a celebrated dentist, had arrived at Derby; and Clarissa

instantly despatched a note, desiring him to call on her at the rectory the following day. On this eventful morning, Adeane was writing in Mr. Grayburn's study, the door of which opened on Miss Clarissa's boudoir. Mr. G. was dictating; and Adeane was desired to retain his situation, though he warned the rector that a visitor had entered the adjoining apartment.

"Mr. Botte, ma'am," said the servant; "Oh! Mr. Motte you mean, Motte, very well; he's rather before his appointment: however—" she always spoke with extraordinary volubility—"show him in, and remember no visitors are to be admitted this morning.—Mr. Motte, I presume," said she to the stranger on entering. "Mr. Motte," and she pointed with an air of dignity to a chair, "my teeth have given me of late the greatest possible pain."—The stranger stared.—"I don't recollect ever having suffered so much for years—they are a set I got from Wade; and I remember Wade's saying to me ——"

"My name, ma'am—"

"Don't interrupt me: where was I? Oh! they have caused me incredible torture; particularly

the last day or two. Now, what do you think it can be owing to?"

Her companion looked surprised, and was about to speak; but the lady, as was her custom, without waiting for an answer, proceeded—"Now it strikes me that something very material has given way. The action of the jaw seems wrong altogether, and you must mend it."

"Indeed, madam, I am at a loss—"

"Sir," says Clarissa, with a dash of *fierté* in her manner, and she the while fixed her dark, penetrating eyes full upon the stranger's face, "I am not accustomed to these interruptions. Hear my statement first, and then you may be able to understand and answer it afterwards.

The gentleman bowed, and was silent.

"Now," says Clarissa, "Mr. Wade assured me—you know Mr. Wade, perhaps?—that it was impossible the set should wear out. 'With fair dealing, madam,' such were his very words, 'they will last for ever. They are ——— in fact, the only requisite wanting to perfect the expression of your countenance."

The stranger smiled.

"Ah, you may well smile at such gross imposition! Why, do you know, I paid the man sixty—was it sixty?—yes, it *was* sixty guineas for them! Incredible, isn't it? But, as I said before, this upper jaw somehow or other does not work well!"

Again a smile appeared to play on the stranger's countenance.

"Your levity, sir, surprises me! I tell you, for the third time, that I feel very uncomfortable; that something has gone wrong; that it is an accident which a dentist only can remedy; and now, sir, I am ready to listen—I must beg you will treat the subject very gravely—to any plan which you may have to propose to me."

"Madam," says the gentleman in a rough, coarse voice, "I know your friend, General Dyott, and am going to Lichfield—if you have any commands."

"Know General Dyott, do you? a very pleasant man he is. A little too loquacious. I dislike great talkers; but bating that infirmity, I don't know a more agreeable companion than General Dyott. And so he requires your assistance, does he? Well, I should not have supposed that. The colour of his teeth is remarkably good: so much so,

that I declare to you I always supposed they were natural. How droll! and so they are artificial after all! Well! well! but you must finish with me; I never can go on as I am. In fact, Mr. Motte, it strikes me, the best and shortest plan will be, to take the whole set out altogether; you can then come to the root of the evil at once." So saying, Miss Clarissa Grayburn, after a contortion or two, appeared armed, as we may suppose Medea was on a different occasion: unlike the Colchican princess, she sowed not the teeth, but simply laid them on the table!

"Madam," says her companion, with a look of inexpressible surprise, "what am I to do with these?"

"Do with them? Why ease them to be sure! I'm surprised, sir, you should ask me such a question! you surely are acquainted with the common branches of your profession!"

"Ease them!—Why for whom do you take me?"

"Take you!" she mumbled; for the vacuum in her mouth made a prodigious alteration in her

powers of articulation; "why, am I not addressing Mr. Motte the dentist?"

"My name, ma'am, is Bohte; I am junior partner in the house of Bohte, Frumkins, Bohte and Tomkins, dealers in Indian muslins, 33, Cheapside; and am come to ask you for an order for our house, being recommended by your friend General Dyott, to whom I shall be most happy to convey any letter, packet, parcel, or remembrance, with which you may be pleased to honour me."

"Leave the room, sir. Mercy on me, what an impostor! Leave the room, I say!" and Clarissa's scream of indignation brought the hypochondriac from his study, Adeane from his writing-desk, Felix from his pantry, and plunged the whole household at Cornwood into a state of unprecedented excitement. This was the scene which in Adeane's opinion rendered his removal from Cornwood a measure of necessity. I had an idea of my own on the subject; which was, that his dismissal originated in an unhappy rencontre with a Mr. Timbertops: of which the following is, I believe, a correct version.

Adeane collected—it was a wretched custom, and was happily abolished—Mr. Grayburn's small tithes. In the parish of Cornwood, usage had established an offering, called "*a smoke penny.*" Adeane referred to the terrier; and of course admitted the validity of Mr. G.'s interpretation, that it was a penny for every smoke.

Armed with this authority, Adeane trotted round the parish, and collected his smoke pennies with great success, till he reached the dwelling of a Mr. Janus Timbertops, a retired weaver; and, to use Adeane's expression, a rare democrat.

Timbertops was sitting in his little cottage. There were three fire-places in it; and fire in two of them when Adeane arrived, and forthwith laid before him the new reading of the act. "You see, Mr. Timbertops, it is a penny for every smoke. Now it is plain from your three fire-places you have to pay three distinct smoke pennies."

"You come for the smoke penny; there it is," said Timbertops, laying one down with great gravity.

"Yes, but that is not sufficient."

"I tell thee I never paid more than a penny,

and I never will. Take that's thy due, and fair morning to thee!"

"But I tell you clearly and plainly, Mr. Timbertops," said Adeane, who had no idea of being beaten by this democrat weaver, "that I have not yet got my due."

"There's thy penny; and if thou wantest more, why take it in kind—take it in kind. Help thysel—help thysel."

This rebuff got wind in the hamlet: the droll idea of taking it "*in kind*," which so suddenly suggested itself to the mind of Mr. Timbertops, tickled the fancies of several of the gravest heads in the parish; and the laugh was universally against Adeane.

The smoke penny was never demanded again; and Adeane disappeared, as Mr. Grayburn was pleased to term it, in a cloud.

I have mentioned Felix. I did so on purpose.

The portrait of Cornwood would be incomplete without him. He was a disciple of Miss Grayburn. Nor was he a theorist merely; his appearance testified that he gave a practical preference to "the system of repletion." He had seen, more-

over, "somewhat of men and things," had served in the marines, was on board the Minden at the battle of Algiers, and had "a trifle to say about Lord Exmouth and Sir David."

Like every other creature at Cornwood, man, woman, and child, he was an oddity. Silent, cynical, short in his replies, and at times abominably sarcastic; he was nevertheless a warm-hearted being, the friend of every one who was in distress, and the channel through which all the woes of the village reached the ears of Miss Grayburn.

At Cornwood he was an oracle: and he would occasionally let his superiors understand he had not "lived all his life like a tod in a tree;" but had "seen the face of the globe about a bit."

"To my mind," said he one morning, "Torquay resembles the bay of Algiers."—"What," said I, "were you at Algiers?"—"Yes, I was."—"Were you wounded?"—"Yes, I was."—"Severely?"—"VERY SEVERELY: I LOST MY HEARING!"—"How?"—"By the bursting of a gun beside me. My left ear's of no service to me. I can't hear no sound in it; except it may be the servants' dinner-bell."—"Did you get a pension,

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Felix?"—"Pension!" and his fat cheeks reddened, and his eyes flashed fire and fury; "Pray," says he, "DO *I look like a* SINECURE?"

Poor Felix! he lost his place after many years' service, by indulging his inclination for sarcasm, and forgetting Miss Grayburn's sex. He was driving her one morning in her phaeton. A crowd of women had collected round two men who were quarrelling, and completely blocked up the narrow road to the village. A cart was before him, whose driver was vainly endeavouring to persuade the gossips to disperse, and give him free passage. "Drive over 'em, then," said the irritated Felix; "drive over 'em, if they wont get out of the way. Never mind killing a score of women, or so; there's plenty more of them in the world!"

This remark, and the chuckle that accompanied it were FATAL. I remained at Cornwood some years, and left it with regret. It contained many to whom I was bound by the strongest ties of friendship; among the rest, a Mr. Hardcastle. He was a Quaker; but one of the most benevolent and munificent of human beings. A mutual taste for gardening had brought about an acquaintance

which soon ripened into intimacy; and it was not long before he placed his purse at my disposal.

"My means are great; when thou lightest upon any case of peculiar emergency, name what thou requirest, and it shall be thine."

We wanted to repair Cornwood Church; but the old structure was in such a state of decay, that it was judged the wiser step to take it down altogether, and build a new church from the foundation. This, of course, was attended with very considerable expense; and knowing from experience Mr. Hardcastle's wealth and heart, I called on him one morning for a subscription.

"Why, friend," said he, when I explained my errand, "I am surprised that thou shouldst have called upon me to help thee! Thou knowest well the sentiments of our society; thou art fully aware of the distaste with which we view thy places of worship, and hast once and again heard me express the opinions of Friends respecting a paid and hired ministry. Indeed, friend," and for the first and only time did I see any expression of warmth in his mild blue eye, "thou hast on this occasion overstepped thy wonted bounds of prudence."

This was the burst of zeal in the Quaker. I hastened of course to disclaim all intention of impugning his religious tenets, far less of betraying *him into* any act which the peculiar scruples of his persuasion might condemn.

Now came the natural benevolence of the man.

"But thou sayest thou art going to pull down thy Dagon?"—"We are."—"To the ground?" "Yes, it must come down to the very dust."—"Well, then, tho' I cannot help thee to build it *up*, there is a trifle for thee—twenty pounds—towards pulling it *down!* Thou wilt mark me—to pull it down."

I accepted it; and while minuting his gift in my memorandum-book, said something of the increasing population, and of course increasing spiritual necessities of the poor.

This called forth the genuine feelings of the Christian. "True—true," said he, in an under tone, "God is good—God is good. He cannot be thought of too frequently—cannot be thanked too fervently—cannot be adored too constantly, or reverenced too highly." And he mused, perhaps I might say worshipped, in silence.

When I rose to take my leave, it was curious to see the struggle maintained between the trammels of the Quaker and the benevolence of the man. He came with me to the door; and detaining me upon its threshold, said, with marked emphasis and the deepest gravity, "Thou wilt remember, friend, if thou please, that I gave thee my money to pull that Dagon of thine down—*to pull it down*. Thou canst hardly, methinks, mistake my meaning. But, to prevent even the possibility, I again repeat to thee, that I have neither part nor lot in what thou mayest *ultimately* devise; my mite was solely to aid thy *primary* object—to PULL THAT STEEPLE OF THINE IDOLATRY DOWN."

My next curacy was Long Newton. The situation was by no means desirable; the neighbourhood was bad; the people boorish; the children ignorant and depraved; yet I look back upon it with pleasure, for it was the means of my introduction to the Bishop of ——. I pause when I approach that venerable name. It recalls a thousand associations of piety and worth. His bene-

volence, his zeal, his activity, his manly decision of character, his unceasing and entire devotion to the duties of his station, all rise before me; and of him it may be said, looking around the diocese which he adorned by his virtues and stimulated by his example,

SI MONUMENTUM REQUIRAS, CIRCUMSPICE!

He was by right and title a prince, and the whole tenor of his life was princely. A man of family, yet merging the adventitious distinction of rank amid the mild graces of a Christian prelate; exacting the respect due to him as the head of the third diocese in the kingdom, yet ever ready to meet the advances of the lowly and the diffident; profuse in his bounty to others—singularly frugal and self-denying in his own personal expenses; such was the man who, after presiding over the see of —— for nearly half a century, descended to the grave full of years and virtues.

There were two peculiar traits in his character: the affection with which he embalmed the memory of his brother Lord ——, "*My much loved brother*," as he would invariably designate him, and

gladly avail himself of an opportunity of recalling some characteristic anecdote, or quote some striking remark of one whose fame was very dear to him, and whose singular career is now matter of history. A second, and equally striking peculiarity, was the nicety of his distinctions! That being never lived who made a finer distinction between the measure and the man, or who discriminated more justly between the offence and the offender. Those who were in the slightest degree known to him will be aware of the uncompromising hostility with which he viewed the encroachments of popery, the vigorous resistance with which in his charges he opposed them, and the munificent preferment with which he rewarded those who distinguished themselves as champions of the Protestant church. I happened to be with him on one occasion when, having given orders respecting the relief of some poor persons, the servant, either struck by the largeness of the grant, or having discovered what he fancied to be a flaw in the indictment, observed with quickness, "My lord, he is a Papist."—"Well," said the bishop with a

smile, "he must not be suffered to starve for that!"

"My lord, he has spoken publicly, and more than once, most disrespectfully of your lordship!"

"Poor fellow! poor fellow!" said the kind-hearted prelate, "I forgive him. Want sharpens the wits, Walter; and hunger may well sour the temper. Double the statement opposite to his name!"

On another occasion, the conduct of a curate was brought before him. He had been guilty of irregularities too gross for the bishop to pass over;—which in fact were subversive of the discipline of the Church of England. The bishop, having satisfied himself of the truth of the allegations, sent for Mr. W., and remonstrated. This mild procedure was ineffectual. The same offensive practice was persevered in. The bishop then wrote, condemning his conduct, and pointing out, in clear and firm language, the manner in which, if repeated, he should be obliged to visit it. To this the young man had the folly to reply in a

most intemperate letter. He justified his conduct, which was nothing less than preaching in a barn; referred the bishop to "the example of ONE, whom he, *alas! only professed* to follow;" reminded him that "one of the most impressive sermons ever delivered by divine lips, or heard by human ears, was preached in the open air, on a mount;" and concluded with language addressed to his diocesan, personally, alike improper and uncalled for.

The bishop, omitting every personal topic as utterly beneath his notice, contented himself with repeating his former censure and the penalty with which a fresh violation of discipline would be visited.

Mr. W. again transgressed; and the bishop suspended him at once. An outcry was by many raised against him: and those who delight in aspersing the measures of men in power, and assigning to them the vilest motives, *loudly* accused his lordship of cruelty.

"How inhuman to remove poor Mr. W. from his curacy, when Bishop ——— must have well known that, with a wife and four children, that

was his sole dependence! He must have desired the poor man's ruin, and will accomplish it!"—I knew him better. Within a month of Mr. W.'s suspension, a bank bill for 50*l.* was sent by the bishop anonymously to his wife; and a similar sum six months afterwards, when he procured employment in another diocese. It was curious enough that this very fact was, by certain fanatics, caught at as a proof that the bishop's *tyranny had been displeasing to, and overruled by, Providence*; and that God had raised up friends for *His poor persecuted servant* in the hour of need.

I heard the fact and the inference drawn from it mentioned at ——— in the bishop's presence. He listened to both without the slightest change of feature. O how I longed to stand forth and name the princely donor!

Instances of his benevolence crowd upon my recollection.

I remember the curate of a valuable living waiting upon him. His rector had died suddenly. The benefice was in the bishop's gift. His object was to beg his lordship's interference with the new incumbent that he might be permitted to retain

the curacy. He was a modest, unassuming man—had lived all his days in retirement—was evidently nervous and agitated—and, as he himself stated, "very doubtful as to the issue of his application; fully aware he had no claim upon his diocesan; and well-nigh amazed at his own temerity."

"I can say nothing to you at present," was the bishop's reply. "You must dine with me.' I will consider your request, and after dinner give you my decision."

Mr. ——— looked more alarmed than ever. Speech was out of the question. He bowed assent and withdrew.

The dinner passed off rather heavily. Dessert came, and with it the bishop's determination.

"Mr. ———, I have weighed your request, as I told you I would, and have made up my mind. My decision, and it is final, is this—YOU SHALL NOT CONTINUE IN THE CURACY."

Mr. — — looked horror-struck. He clasped his hands, and gazed in silence on the prelate, and would have been invaluable in a German *tableau* as pourtraying the hopeless apathy of despair.

"But," continued his lordship, "there is another point on which I am equally resolved—YOU SHALL HAVE THE LIVING."

The curate of ——— gazed wildly around him, with such a look of utter and incredulous amazement,—such an air of "asleep or awake, who am I?" that even the bishop's gravity gave way. After a few moments he rose, muttered his thanks in the most incoherent manner, and hurried off; omitting entirely to take any leave of his patron, and addressing Mr. Burrell, the secretary, whom he met in the hall, as "MY LORD!"

"There goes a man," said the bishop with his cordial hearty laugh, "intoxicated with happiness."

I have dwelt at length on his character because I loved him. "The dead listen not to the commendations of the living,* or, deeply as I venerated, I would not now have praised him." As to

* Bishop Watson's speech in the House of Lords on the death of the Duke of Rutland.

flattery, his power and his patronage have passed into other hands. But this I may say, that while episcopacy exists, the memory of Bishop ——— will be cherished and his munificence extolled. I have said he was a truly good man. He was also a truly great man. For while he was alive to the desire of fame, and showed in the various actions of his life that love of the approbation and esteem of the wise, which cling to every aspiration of a good man while on earth, never man treated with more absolute disdain the hollow and faithless popularity which is obtained by subserviency, and preserved by dereliction of principle.

But I have insensibly wandered from my intention, which was to state the manner of my introduction to the bishop. One Sunday, while I was performing the morning duty as usual at Newton, I observed; a few moments after service commenced, a stranger paraded with more than usual ceremony into the church-warden's pew: and while I could not but feel pained at observing the eyes of all strained in that direction, I endeavoured by degrees to rally their attention, to turn it from Earth

to Heaven—away from sinful man, and up to his glorious Maker.

I returned at the usual time to the vestry; and, on opening the door, *found I stood in the presence of my diocesan!* Let those who have been placed in a similar situation imagine my surprise. His lordship, and nothing could be more kindly reassuring than his manner, entered at once into general conversation; expressed his satisfaction at the appearance of the church; the care and attention which seemed to be bestowed upon it; the manner in which the service was conducted; and the size of congregation. "I do not think, however," he continued, "this can be a very comfortable curacy for you; nor do I altogether deem it one, notwithstanding present appearances, for which you are best adapted. I have another to offer you—Meriden. There it appears to me you will have a wider sphere of usefulness; a more intellectual congregation: your labours will be better repaid, and you will have superior society. Here you can have none. There is one disadvantage attached to it," and he smiled—"it has ere now been

deemed insuperable by some young men, it may perhaps be so viewed by you;—you will be perpetually under the eye of the bishop."

I gladly waved the objection; closed at once with the offer, and at Meriden swiftly rolled away some happy years. Yet Adela! Adela! how often in the visions of the night has thy face of more than woman's beauty seemed to flit sadly by me! how often, and how deeply have I mourned thy absence in that scene of quiet happiness so suited to thy early tastes! and, if memory to the happy be always a blessing, is she not to the wretched often a curse?

My opportunities of personal intercourse with the bishop were frequent and valuable. Would that I had better improved them! but if I cannot profit by the remembrance of his life, the blessing of his example, even had his existence been prolonged, would have been lost upon me.

It was during this period that, on two occasions, owing to unforeseen contingencies, I had the honour of acting as his Examining Chaplain; and on one of them an incident occurred, curious in itself, and important in its results. I was travelling

inside the mail to ———, where his lordship was about to hold his ordination. My companion was a young man, who sat silent and dejected, till, after replying at random to some casual observations, all at once abruptly inquired—"Do you live at ———?" and, on my answering, "near it," startled me by following up his query:

"Pray, do you know any thing of a Mr. Arthur Barnard?"

"Something," I replied.

"He's a horror, is he not? Wears black worsted stockings, and all that sort of thing: talks about the Fathers and the propriety of reviving the discipline of the primitive church; is very inquisitive into a man's motives for taking orders, and dwells largely on the Cerinthian heresy."

"These are points on which I cannot give you information."

"Perhaps not; but it is so. He's a perfect bugbear; preaches five-and-forty minutes; and, viewing the animal in all his parts, his doctrines, manner, voice, and gestures, we may affirm he has been born two centuries too late. His era should have been about the year 1650: and then his qua-

lifications would have ensured him the post of Oliver Cromwell's chaplain."

"Well," said I, in amaze, "I am by no means ignorant of Mr. Barnard's habits and feelings; but never should I have recognised him in the colours you have been pleased to paint him."

"They are those of truth, depend upon it," was his reply. He then told me that he was a candidate for ordination; that he had prepared himself in every possible way; and had left *nothing* undone which he thought would qualify him for what he felt to be a most responsible office; but that he was "horribly anxious." "Not only am I naturally and constitutionally nervous; but when I think that at this momentous crisis my future prospects depend upon the manner in which I acquit myself, my feelings all but choke me! Moreover, I am pursued by an idea of which I cannot divest myself, that this fellow Barnard will jockey me."

I hinted, as a matter of *mere supposition on* my own part, that such a disaster could be inflicted *only* by the bishop; and that *I had understood* when any *doubtful character* presented himself, it was Mr. Barnard's practice to refer the individual

to his lordship, on whom the onus of passing or rejecting rested.

"Oh! of the good old bishop I have no fears. It is that precise, pragmatical puritan I dread. They tell me he has a cold gray eye; glides about the room after the manner of Oliver Dain; comes creeping up in his stealthy cat-like pace, and is at your elbow when you least expect him; peers over your shoulder at your papers;"—it was with the greatest difficulty I could refrain laughing while he was *so pleasantly* sketching me;—"and if you fall short of his expectations, fixes his hideous optics upon you, and says in his cracked, hollow voice—'your papers are very deficient, sir; light, sir, light; I want more matter, sir—more matter.' Oh!" he continued, working himself up into a perfect agony, and wiping the drops which stood on his brow, "disguise is useless. All I can say is, that, if only half which I have heard of this monster be correct, I feel satisfied that, with my papers before me, and a conviction on my own part that I could answer all the questions they contained; still, if I looked up, and found that those cold gray eyes rested upon me, my doom would be

sealed. Most devoutly do I wish it would please Providence to take him to himself the day before the examination begins! From all I hear of his virtues, Heaven would be a much fitter abode for him than such a world!"——

"Indeed! Mr. Barnard is vastly obliged to you," said I. "My wish is general among the candidates, rely upon it."

We had a good deal more conversation. He had stated the matter fairly, when he said he had read his subjects thoroughly; and there was, despite of the apparent recklessness of his manner, a wish and desire on his own part rightly to discharge the duties attached to the sacred office he was about to enter on. I made known to him my profession; and again and again told him to have no fears. But it was in vain that I tried to give him confidence.

At length, after debating the matter in my own mind, I resolved on telling him, when we were within a few miles of ——, that I was the individual of whose optics he had expressed such a favourable opinion; and for whose prolonged existence he appeared so truly anxious.

He received the announcement with the trepidation and confusion I expected.

"It is better you should receive this shock here than in the examination room. *There* the discovery would perhaps have unmanned you; and if so, most probably would have prevented your doing yourself justice. As it is, you have nothing to fear. I need not say I have already forgotten the badinage you were pleased to associate with my name. That you have read your subjects, I am persuaded. Give yourself fair play; and I can have no doubt but that you will be in a situation to call for my congratulations on the eventful morning, Thursday, which I shall feel great pleasure in giving."*

* The tongue will ever outrun the judgment. At a college audit dinner in Cambridge, a country gentleman, a stranger, was called upon for a toast. The college, both as to its foundation and its principles, was decidedly Protestant. "Tip me a suitable toast," whispered the country gentleman, in his extremity, to his next neighbour. "Protestant Ascendancy," was the muttered reply. "Ay, —ay." Up rose Rusticus, and in a stentorian tone gave out "PROTESTANTS DESCENDANT!" "Eh! What! What!" said the president in the greatest agony. "Eh! Never had such a toast in this Hall before!" "Ho! ho!" says Rusticus, "hear me. I give—this will do—I give—'*Protestant Dissenters.*'"

My prognostic was correct: he distinguished himself in his examination; was highly complimented by the bishop; and stood first on the list. Poor Carysfort! he proved, as I expected he would, a very valuable clergyman; though, alas! his career of duty was short, for his doom was an early grave.—But I am anticipating.

I now approach a most painful part of my history. Would to God I had it not to record! Years have passed away since its occurrence; and the sorrows of poor Adela have long since been hushed in the grave: yet when the sad detail passes in review before me, my grief is as poignant as ever; and—and—there are some wounds which defy the power of Time to heal. I was in London on business relating to the affairs of Lord Llanberris, and after a long and fatiguing day, devoted to the perusal of papers and parchments, was returning through Piccadilly to a late dinner, when, as I passed Burlington House, a faint low voice murmured, "Mr. Barnard!—do I see Mr. Bar-

nard?" I involuntarily turned round, then feeling convinced I had been mistaken, quickened my pace, when the words, uttered in wilder accents, reached me—"What! don't you know me? Arthur—Arthur Barnard! O God! he too deserts me!" Haggard as were the features, tawdry as the dress, and wretched as the whole appearance of this deserted being seemed to be, those tones—that voice—I should have recognised it even amidst the thrill of the last trumpet.

"Adela! Adela! and is it thus we meet?"

"Ay," she whispered, "and is it not well, on the threshold of the grave? Yet let me not perish in the street. Arthur, you were wont to be merciful. Spurn me not aside. Lost, degraded as I am, get me some shelter—no matter how dark and dreary—'twill be good enough for me, where I may lie down and die."

"No home!" I exclaimed involuntarily, and fancy brought before me in what a home, how beloved, and courted, and idolised, I had last seen her.

"Home!" said she, "I deserve none: what a home I left! Home! for three days not a morsel

has passed these lips! Home!—but words are idle. No, Mr. Barnard, there is no home for me but the grave!"

Mrs. Bradley, Lord Llanberris' housekeeper, occurred to me. To her humble dwelling the poor outcast was immediately conveyed. But before she gained its shelter she became delirious; and after a few hours of extreme exhaustion, from which no medicine, no sustenance, could rally her, sunk into the arms of death.

I *hope*, I *trust* she died a penitent. That Being, to whom every thought, and hope, and desire of his erring creatures is open, knows with what intense anxiety I watched for the slightest expression of faith and hope; how eagerly I listened to catch a Saviour's name tremble on her dying lips; with what transport I should have hailed the simplest expression of penitence—the faintest prayer for mercy. But this consolation was denied me. Yet much may pass between the soul and its Maker, unseen, unknown, by those who watch around the dying bed: and, Adela! Adela! still would I cling to the *hope* that within the scope of

a Redeemer's passion thou mayest be included, and that in the world above we shall meet again!

It was weeks before I could recover the shock which this unexpected event caused me. Visions of other and happier days would rise around me; and when I recollected what a prospect of happiness was once before me, and how darkly and completely it had been overcast; what a social being I might have been, and what a saddened, isolated wanderer I really was; life appeared to have little in store for me; and I would pray, ere reason deserted me in the struggle, for rest—rest in an early grave.

It was then that an inward monitor gently seemed to whisper—"Thou askest to be released from thy mental sufferings? It is what thy heavenly Father IN MERCY denies. Ask to be supported under them; and thou solicitest what thou shalt assuredly obtain."

I returned into the country. Another blow awaited me. On my table was a letter from the bishop. It was short, clearly but coldly expressed, and of a tenor that cut me to the soul.

It stated, that he had been assured by those on whose testimony he relied, that I had been seen in London, in open day, in familiar conversation with a person whose dress and demeanour could leave no doubt of her belonging to a class in society with whom no man careful of his character—much more a Christian minister—would hold intercourse; that the statement had caused him extreme pain; that he felt it to be his duty, particularly after the constant intercourse which had of late taken place between us, and the confidence which he had more than once officially reposed in me, to make some inquiry into the fact; that he begged to call my immediate attention to the charge; and requested I would either deny the occurrence or explain it.

The letter had been received at Meriden ten days since. I resolved to answer it in person. I reached his country residence early; sent in my name; and, instead of an immediate audience, as heretofore, was told by his servant—"The bishop will attend to you, sir, shortly." The change cut me to the quick. At length—ages of misery seemed to roll over me during the half hour that I waited

his leisure—I was admitted; he rose stiffly from his seat, and with an air of reserve—ah, how different from the kind and cordial manner in which he had last greeted me!—bowed, and pointed to a chair. Perhaps my haggard countenance and faltering gait softened him; for he said, after a moment's reflection, and with a look of kindness, "I am afraid you are unwell? May I offer you some refreshment before we enter upon this business?"

I declined; and, summoning all my firmness, began. The bishop listened with a gravity bordering on sternness; but as I proceeded in the sad detail, his brow relaxed, the native kindness of heart came into play, and before I entered upon the last sad scene he stopped me—and I fancied his voice slightly faltered—"Say no more. I understand all!—I excuse all!"

"And now," he resumed after a pause, "that we have taken leave FOR EVER of that painful subject, I must tell you that I had another reason for wishing to see you. The living of Maypowder has just become vacant. Its emolument is trifling; its duties are heavy. Such, however,

as it is, I place it at your service. At my advanced period of life, I cannot look forward to many more opportunities of serving those whose welfare is dear to me."

I thanked him; but expressed my doubts whether I was equal to the responsibility which Maypowder would entail.

He checked me at once. "*Endure hardship as a good soldier of Christ Jesus.* Is it not, ought it not to be the motto of the Christian combatant,

Tu ne cede malis; sed contra audentior ito?"

Again I hesitated.—"If you are serious in your refusal, I shall offer it to Chapman." The name struck me. Chapman was a worthy fellow, in needy circumstances, with a young family. I, an isolated being, whose heart was withered—whose affections were seared—whose hopes were buried in the grave. I, who was wearing away my lonely pilgrimage uncheered by sympathy, unblest by hope, who would rejoice at *my* success? Who was there to share in *my* prosperity? What right had I to interfere and mar by my acceptance—?

"My lord, I decline it, with many thanks—with the most heartfelt expressions of sincere gratitude—with a feeling of joy which no words can express, because I gather from the offer that I still possess your confidence; and with a well-grounded hope that your lordship will understand and enter into my motives."

"Fully, Barnard, fully."

Within a fortnight afterwards I had the happiness of congratulating Chapman upon his appointment; of seeing the flush of joy light up the pale, care-worn countenance of his delicate wife; of knowing that the parish of Maypowder was disposed to give a cordial welcome to its new pastor; and of hearing the bishop warmly praised for the discernment which dictated, and the kindness with which he communicated, unsolicited preferment to a modest but most deserving man. And if a parish ably regulated and singularly united—if a small number of dissenters and an ample proportion of parochial schools—if a decrease in public-houses, and an increase of cheerful cottages—if a sabbath duly reverenced, and a church well filled, be indications of ministerial success; then the decision

I came to in that instance was one which Providence has blessed.

But to return. The bishop made no further allusion to the subject. He called my attention to his schools, and they were objects ever near his heart; pointed out to me the progress he was making in his plan of gradually augmenting the poor livings in his diocese—a measure he followed up with undeviating liberality; to further which he bequeathed a considerable sum; and for which, long after he has entered upon his reward, "many will rise up and call him blessed!"

Evening came on, and I was about to take my leave, when a letter was brought to the bishop. He read it, and looked sad. "Providence is thinning the ranks of the able defenders of the Church of England; Dr. Hodson, the head of Brazenose, after a very short illness, has left us." Dr. Hodson was the only relative I had left in the world; and the words were uttered almost involuntarily—"'When wilt thou comfort me?'" "When thy sorrows," said the bishop, who had overheard me, "have answered the end for which they were intended—but not before: when you have felt the

value of affliction—and not before: when you have so far profited by it, as to be able to comfort others—and not before. Barnard, he who acts from principle, shall receive no wounds but what religion can cure."

It was thus we parted. I never saw him again!

The two next years I was on the continent.

I have little more to add. It is painful to listen to the wailings of sorrow; and with me the season of joy has well-nigh departed. I never can banish from my recollection the remembrance of that last sad scene—never can forget the pure and lovely being, to whom the incense of my early affection was offered—or escape from the thought of under what circumstances of shame and degradation that life closed, which promised so fair in its young and joyous morning.

I was at Milan when a letter recalled me to England. I have before alluded to Mr. Carysfort, the timid but talented candidate for orders. The letter was from his sister—her brother was no

more. A typhus fever had in the preceding autumn raged in his village, and he had died a martyr to his sense of duty. The living was at her disposal; and "recollecting the frequent mention which her brother had made of my name, coupled invariably with expressions of esteem and gratitude, she had been induced to form a wish, which she trusted I would not disappoint, that I would be his successor."

* * *

I am now, and have been for some months, secluded in my quiet parsonage. The value of my little rectory is trifling; but there is as much as I want, and more. And for any chance overplus I can always find a ready channel. I look upon my parishioners as my children. God bless them!—bless them both here and hereafter! Their temporal wants shall never pass unheeded; their eternal interests are the never-ceasing object of my prayers. A clergyman should not die rich. The Master whom he professes to follow, preached his gospel amid privation and poverty; declared explicitly "that his kingdom was not of this world!" A covetous clergyman—ah, what a fearful reckon-

ing must await him! Surely, surely, his practice should tally with his preaching, that he is the happiest man, that he is the most consistent Christian, who aims at hoarding up his treasures where rust corrodeth not, and where thieves do not break through and steal.

THE MODERN MOLOCH.

Thrift, thrift, Horatio!

SHAKSPEARE.

THE MODERN MOLOCH.

THE besetting sin of the age—Mr. Irving says it will end in 1848—from its wickedness it well deserves it—is the subjection of every object to the standard of UTILITY! *Cui bono* is the motto of a numerous class, which has been not unaptly styled the Chrestomathic School; a sect whose principles and practice too frequently produce the most lamentable and irreparable consequences. The rules of calculation and traffic are by them constantly brought to bear upon every subject, whether the object of consideration comes within their province or not. Be it a work of art or an object of nature—be it a picture or a statue—a venerable ruin or a beautiful grove—it is the

same thing to them. *Cui bono* is still applied as the test and measure of utility. "Of what use is it?" is the question uniformly asked. In other words, "What will it fetch if brought to the hammer?" This is the bed of Procrustes, upon which every thing, however unassimilated to it in its nature, is tortured and sacrificed to the purposes of gain. If its stature be beyond the measure of their standard, they, like the Athenian freebooter, lop it without mercy; if within it, they stretch it to the required extent with the same savage unconcern. The pursuit that leans not to their theory is "*nothing worth*;" like the mathematician, who having been persuaded by a friend to read Paradise Lost, returned it to the lender, who was anticipating his expressions of delight, with the remark—"it was pretty, but it proved nothing!"

If the spirit of calculation affects the imaginative arts, and artists, the objects of taste and art are in no less danger from the thousand-and-one projects, which are frequently held out for the purpose of entrapping some unwary speculator, and of deforming the face of the country. I reflect with complacency on the panic of 1826, since, in

consequence, some most wild and extravagant schemes have descended with hisses into the gulf of oblivion; and by their timely explosion many a venerable park and sequestered valley will now escape the intrusion and annoyance of rail-ways and canals—many a sylvan glade retain its leafy honours inviolate.

We of the hills could once look with pity and self-congratulation upon the level districts threaded in all directions by canals, rail-ways, and turnpikes. Trusting in the impracticability of mountains, the antiquary and lover of the picturesque could there fancy himself secure from intrusion. But he has long since learnt to lament the fallacy of his calculations. Canals, his utter abomination, have been introduced into his most hallowed retreats. The very fastnesses of the mountain are no longer a protection from the hand of scientific daring and commercial speculation. If a channel cannot be carried along its precipitous side, a murky tunnel is driven through its marble centre. The most inaccessible districts are no longer secure since road-making, rail-ways, and canals, have been brought to their present perfection. Science and

commerce arm their ministers and their votaries against the beauties of nature and the relics of antiquity; and the most interesting features of both are too often recklessly and wantonly disfigured by their operations. What escapes the mattock of Telford, does Green destroy; and what escapes the pick-axe of Green, does M'Adam destroy. One improver regards a straight line as the line of beauty, since he discovered that it is the shortest possible distance between any two points. With him, therefore, a love for direct lines is the ruling passion. He plans a new road a few yards in length; and, in order to complete it, blows up some beetling crag, gray with time and hung with ivy!

If it be crowned with some venerable ruin, so much the better. "Capital! Excellent! the stones of both crag and castle *will be at hand to make the road, and the Trust will save three pounds thirteen and ninepence in carriage and labour.*"

Another projects a canal; and, to supply it, diverts the sheltered course of some clear stream into an open channel, where its waters are polluted

and trammelled by stiff, straight banks. This man holds a creed akin to that of Brindley, the Duke of Bridgewater's engineer, who, in expounding it before the House of Commons, declared it to be his solemn and unalterable conviction that rivers were created to feed navigable canals. A third constructs a rail-way, which chokes up the green quiet valleys with rubbish, and levels the most secret retreats of the Dryads.

The venerable monuments of art are sacrificed with similar indifference to the rage for improvement, and "turning every thing to account." Buildings, sacred from their antiquity and their destination, long consecrated as memorials of ages past away, have thus been *irrecoverably* lost; some, perhaps, broken into fragments for masonry; others cleared away to make room for some miserable modern erection blushing in brickwork to find itself there; either without pretensions to taste, or, what is worse, with nothing but pretensions!

These remarks may be stigmatised as overcharged; but we have proofs too numerous and too convincing to doubt there is great reason to deprecate the spirit of *thrift* and *improvement* so

visible in the multifarious projects of this busy age. The complaint is made, and in very many cases made with justice, that these various works are conducted with the most blameworthy carelessness with regard to every object, except the calculation of profit. Whatever stands in the way of attaining that end is sacrificed with the most supreme unconcern. The monuments of the piety, the greatness, the domestic manners, and the public institutions of our forefathers, are levelled with undiscriminating fury. Nor are the beauties of nature, as we have seen, treated with more reverence; but nature and art alike become victims at the altar of gain.

The philosophic antiquary, and the admirer of the beautiful in the cultivated dominions of art, as well as in the grander empire of nature, tremble at the thought of what must be the result of the general prevalence of such a spirit. He sees the priests of this horrid idol, this MOLOCH OF MODERN DAYS, at whose shrine the progeny of imagination are immolated, sallying forth at the head of their infatuated votaries in an unhallowed crusade against the evidences of beauty and intellect

wherever they may be found. UTILITY is their battle cry; and every thing which cannot articulate their Shibboleth, would they fain proscribe and destroy.

They enter the domain of literature, and there make much more fearful havoc than did the curate and the barber in the devoted library of the Knight of La Mancha. From the works of poets, of sages, and of philosophers, they select, the Universal Spelling Book, and Cocker's Arithmetic. Like Omar at the destruction of the Alexandrian Library, they condemn every other book as superfluous whose contents agree with their favourite; and all other works as impious which oppose it.

If such are their tender mercies towards literature, the arts have small reason to expect more lenient treatment. The sculptures of Phidias and the pictures of Raphael are valued by them at market-price; and this alone preserves them from destruction.

The beauties of nature experience a similar fate. Rock and river, grove and grotto, are hewn down, or blown up, or fettered, or fired, just as the lord of lucre may happen to decree.

His fiat goes forth; and if it were left to *his* votaries, the land would be swept with the besom of destruction from one end to the other. The surveyor would level the hills for the improvement of his roads. The engineer would reduce all the meanderings of the rivers till they became as straight as the Serpentine. The forests would be converted into ship-timber, or manufacturing apparatus; and the whole force of the country reduced to one flat and unvarying surface.

This is the DEITY of the present day, worshipped under the name of UTILITY. This is the golden idol set up in modern times, before which all are expected to fall down and worship. Its priests and votaries have already been described. Their creed is—a belief in the omnipotence of money; their golden rules—addition and multiplication.

Nor are the evils imaginary which the admirer of the picturesque, the lover of the fine arts, or the antiquarian, has to dread from the prevalence of a spirit of thrift, and a devotion to the pursuits of bare utility. It may be asserted by some, indeed, that the fear of such prevalence

in the present age, when the beauties of natural scenery, of antiquities, and of the arts, are so well understood and so highly appreciated, is at once misplaced and uncalled-for. I assert the contrary: Were they sufficiently understood and appreciated, we should not have so many sad examples in proof of the very reverse constantly occurring; demonstrating the light esteem in which the most interesting monuments of antiquity are held, and calling for some effectual means of stopping such careless or wanton devastation.*

* Few of these destructionists have the grace to blush for their barbarism. Nowhere has this *soi-disant* spirit of improvement prevailed more alarmingly than in the churches of the kingdom. Churchwardens we know are the legal and ostensible curators of the ecclesiastical architecture of our parishes. Far be it from me to advance any charge against the uprightness or diligence of this body. They may be *all* "honourable men!" but do not, alas! possess taste or veneration for antiquity *ex officio*. From the generality of churchwardens, therefore, less is to be apprehended from their negligence than from their activity;—the *first may* do injury; the *latter* invariably achieves it! Incited by the fame of some of their predecessors, the churchwardens set about repairing and beautifying the sacred edifice; and when they have destroyed some richly-covered screen, mutilated some shrine or stall, blocked

A few months since, it was said Glastonbury Abbey, one of the finest remains in the kingdom, was devoted to destruction, and that the materials were to be employed in repairing the turnpikes of the neighbourhood. Monstrous sacrilege! I shall never forget my friend E****'s elongated countenance when he first informed me that such a report was abroad. Well might he say in the plenitude of his horror, that he "expected Joseph of Arimathea to burst the cerements of the tomb, and avenge the presumption and rapacity of this money-loving age!"

The desecration, however, has not taken place; and the venerators of antiquity have learnt with pleasure, that this most interesting relic has fallen

up some elegant window, and destroyed the symmetry of the building by the erection of some hideous singing-loft or inaccessible gallery, they give themselves and their achievements to immortality in a tablet with gilded letters! It seldom happens that the clergyman cannot prevent these enormities by very little exertion, and *he is imperatively called upon to do so.* He at least should feel veneration for the monuments of religion and art; and guard them from the attacks of foes and the improvements of friends with equally determined vigilance.

into the hands of a gentleman who knows how to value and guard it from injury.—Would that St. Ethelred's tower at Canterbury had been the property of a kindred soul! This noble monument of baronial architecture, after having not only withstood the attacks of time, but also resisted the usual means of demolition, was at length hurled from its foundation, by the force of a battering-ram invented by some machine-contriving Kentish Vandal, who doubtless plumed himself upon his sacrilegious ingenuity, and gave his invention to the world with abundant self-satisfaction in the Mechanic's Magazine.

The ancient bridge at Crowland in Lincolnshire, unique in its construction, has been threatened with mutilation (and is perhaps ere now mutilated), to improve the road which passes over it; in order, we may suppose, that the fen-graziers may drive their beeves more commodiously towards Smithfield. The stannary parliament-seats on one of the Devonshire tors broken up by Judge Buller's masons,—the interesting remains of the old conventual church at Ely, built over, defaced, and concealed by the modern prebendal

houses,—these, and many other instances which might be cited, prove, that although the times of the furious iconoclasts be passed away, the relics of antiquity are in scarcely less danger from the spirit of gain and innovation than from that of fanaticism.

By none, however, of these outrages is the ire of the antiquary more justly roused than by those planned, and partly effected, by military barbarity, on the ruins of Tynemouth Priory.* It stands on the brow of a lofty rock overhanging the ocean, magnificent even in decay. The billows, as they

> "Yon shrouded figure, as I guess,
> By her proud mien and flowing dress,
> Is Tynemouth's haughty prioress."
>
> MARMION.

"That there was an ancient priory at Tynemouth is certain. Its ruins are situated on a high rocky point; and, doubtless, many a vow was made at the shrine by the distressed mariners, who drove towards the iron-bound coast of Northumberland in stormy weather. It was anciently a nunnery; for Virca, abbess of Tynemouth, presented St. Cuthbert (yet alive) with a rare winding-sheet, in emulation of a holy lady, called Tuda, who had sent him a coffin."—*Note to Marmion.*

break over the bar, drive their agitated foam with impetuous violence against the base of the precipice; around the ruin sleep the former inhabitants of the hamlet; the sea-birds flutter wildly over it; and ocean, and ruin, and cemetery, all seem to teach the same lesson—the magnificence of nature—the frailty of man.

"Generations, they seem to say, have beheld us, and passed away; as you now behold us, and shall pass away. *They* have thought of the generations before *their time*, as *you* now think of *them*, and as *future* ones shall think of *you*. The pomp of power, the magnificence of wealth, the joy of hope, the interests of high passion and of low pursuits, have passed from this scene for ever; yet we remain the spectres of departed years, and shall remain, feeble as we are, when you, who now gaze upon us, shall have ceased to be in this world!" *

The eastern limb of the church still remains. There are two very fine arches; and though sadly

* Memoir of Mrs. Radcliffe.

devastated, enough yet exists to mark its ancient extent and grandeur.

Its antiquity is great. It can be proved that as early as the year 625, Edwin, king of Northumberland, "built at Tynemouth a small chapel of wood." In this his daughter Rosella took the veil; and his successor, St. Oswald, rebuilt it of stone. After various vicissitudes, we find it, in the year 1538, in a state of the most flourishing prosperity; possessing no fewer than twenty-seven villas in Northumberland, with the royalties belonging to them, and rating its annual revenue at no less a sum than 706*l.* 10*s.* 8*d*½.—a prodigious income in those days!

These possessions* did not long remain with it. In 1550, they were granted by Edward the Sixth to John Dudley, then Earl of Warwick; on whose attainder they reverted to the crown; and in

* If the possessions of the priory were large, its hospitality appears to have been commensurate. It repeatedly entertained royalty. King Edward II.; the Queen of Edward I.; the Queen of Edward II.; and Thomas Duke of Gloucester, were all within a short period its guests.

1567, were enumerated among the queen's possessions in Northumberland.

The ruin, the cemetery around it, the beautiful little bay below, which still retains its ancient name, "Prior's Haven," are all included in the list of crown lands. The gateway which leads to the ruin has been modernised and converted into a barrack! The space before the priory has been gravelled, and is now used as a military parade! Still, one would have supposed that the beauty of the ruin, its antiquity, the loveliness of its situation, the sacred uses to which it was consecrated, would have united to save it from mutilation at the hands of its military occupants—men of education and information.

Not so. Some years since a commandant—he used to boast he was descended from Oliver Cromwell, and his actions, this in particular, lent considerable colour to the assertion—took down an entire arch! He observed, with infinite phlegm, "*That it was in the way of the troops when they exercised; that, though an object of antiquity, it was a thing quite useless in itself; and was*

displaced for the purposes of improvement." *Vandal!*

Next came General Wemyss. While he was governor, the beautiful little oratory of the Virgin, which was then in the highest state of preservation, and by far the most perfect part of the ruin, standing just at the east end of the chancel, was of a sudden transmogrified into a POWDER MAGAZINE! Its windows were walled up. A hideous piece of brick-work was added in the rear. A door bedizened with blue paint, and adorned with a huge padlock, was placed in the very centre of the ruin, bearing in large white letters—STORES.

The woes of this devoted building were not yet ended.

About six months ago a civil engineer—thus he styled himself, but, by the way, the good people of Tynemouth, on hearing the proposition, much doubted the propriety of the designation—came down on a survey. I withhold the man's name in mercy: however, he spent ten days at the castle, and at the end of that time proposed TO "REMOVE THE OLD TUMBLE-DOWN AFFAIR AL-

TOGETHER! IT WAS MUCH IN THE WAY; AND ITS DEMOLITION WOULD CONDUCE GREATLY TO THE COMFORT OF THE GARRISON!"

At the new London University, it is said a course of lectures is to be given on the beauties, benefits, and blessings of good taste.

To these lectures on good taste I would beseech General Wemyss and his friend, the civil engineer, "most seriously to incline."

Would that I could procure at them the attendance of a particular friend of my own! We were at the Lakes; and as we gazed on Bassenthwaite, with the mighty and majestic Skiddaw rearing its lofty head beyond it, I thought for once his matter-of-fact notions had deserted him, and that the lovely scenery around him had for once laid the spirit of calculation asleep.

"'Beautiful!" he exclaimed; "fine, very fine, indeed." He was silent for ten minutes, as if solving some intricate question; then awaking from his reverie, he earnestly and gravely proceeded, "I wonder if it were not possible to devise a plan for draining this lake? Its use, in its present

state, is not very apparent to my mind; and if properly drained, which I do really think might be done, you would gain seven hundred and fifty acres of, I will venture to predict, as fine, rich, pasture land as can be met with in any county of England."

"Procul, procul, este profani!"

THE ART OF PRONUNCIATION.

"The design of speaking being to communicate our thoughts by ready, easy, and graceful pronunciation, all kinds of letters have been searched out that were serviceable for the purpose."

HOLDER.

THE ART OF PRONUNCIATION.

"PASSED! who has passed?" said Commodore Kindersley.

"My son Frederick, at Cambridge."

"Has he? Give you joy, madam, with all my heart. But my head has been so filled lately with the Lord High Admiral, and promotions from length of service, not strength of interest, that I thought you must be talking of the navy, and passing for lieutenant. So Fred has passed for a parson, has he?"

"No: not exactly that. It is, however, an important step towards it; and I rejoice—"

"So do I, heartily, at its being over; especially, if passing for a parson, as I call it, is any thing like passing for a lieutenant; such, at least, as it

was in my day. Heigh-ho! my examination! alas! I have reason enough to remember it."

"May I inquire what impressed it so strongly on your memory?"

"You may *now:* though there was a time when I could ill bear to turn my thoughts to the subject —a thousand things—the manner, the circumstances, the consequences. Among the latter, the most disastrous part of all arose from my want of acquaintance with the French language."

"Was that one of the subjects for examination?"

"No: it had nothing whatever to do with it."

"And yet ——?"

"And yet I feel the effects of it after the lapse of forty years."

"How extraordinary!—the effects of a want of acquaintance with the French language!"

"Even so: I went to sea when I was ten years of age. Hamiltonian systems were then unknown. Whether people are better for them or not, I don't pretend to decide; but my happiness was wrecked through ignorance of the French language. I'll prove it."

In the year 1760, when the disastrous war with

the American colonists was at its height, I was acting lieutenant on board the Defiance, seventy-four, then lying at Spithead under orders for a foreign station. Whilst in daily expectation of dispatches from the Admiralty, I was sent for one morning by the captain, and accordingly repaired to the cabin. Old M'Marlin was as cross-grained, rough-hewn stick as ever swam; but he was heart-of-oak still. The classics, I know, were ALL Greek to him. My own school trim is pretty much out at elbows. But I remember enough to be satisfied that never a Spartan of them all could be braver, or of fewer words. In his conversation and in his orders he was as laconic as a Lacedæmonian.

"You are to set off for London instantly."

"Instantly, sir! for what purpose?"

"To pass?"

"To pass, sir!—to pass! It is impossible. Consider the shortness of the time. The ship, as you know, sir, will most probably sail in a few hours."

"Get to her then as you can. You have your orders—obey them."

Knowing I might as well talk to the mainmast as to Captain M'Marlin, I had no alternative but

to comply with these directions, such as they were. So, without staying to pack up even a change of dress, I hurried into a boat, and reached Portsmouth just in time to secure an outside berth in the last coach.

The True Blue, distinguished as it was among its competitors of that day, for dispatch, would have had a stern-chase with one of our fly-waggons. The slowest of modern stages would have been a *chasse-marée*, to the Portsmouth, Portsea, and London fast coach of 1777. I was stowed with, I think, nine other passengers in the basket; and thought the journey more tiresome than any voyage I had ever made. However, Drake and Anson got round the world at last; and the True Blue reached the Spread Eagle, in Gracechurch Street, in somewhat less than eight-and-forty hours.

How times are changed! The Navy Office was then in Crutched Friars, in a gloomy old fabric, enough of itself to damp any one's spirits, much more those of a poor pill-garlick, just off a wet, windy, and wearisome journey, to undergo the ordeal of an examination. You will, perhaps, hardly credit it, when I tell you, that my feelings of dread and apprehension far exceeded any thing

I had experienced in going into action. I have been in the hard-fought engagement of Camperdown, when, as the old song says,

"A flood all of blood
Washed the scuppers"

of our ship; but, on comparing my feelings at the two periods, though I was then only fifteen, to encounter the French admiral and his fleet seemed a plaything, compared with facing the board of commissioners assembled to sound my poor abilities.

Since that time I have been in many a bloody battle, and have been engaged in many a hazardous service; once in a forlorn hope, when, in the Bay of Quiberon, I commanded a boat's-crew immediately under the land, and within range of several batteries, of which the fire of one only would have been more than sufficient to have blown us to atoms. My orders were to lie upon our oars, and wait in that situation for a signal which had been described. What the object of our expedition was I could never learn; but during the fifteen minutes we lay motionless, and almost breathless, in expectation of the signal, and conscious that inevitable destruction might, at any instant, pour down

upon us; a scene, it seems to me, in which courage and fortitude are put to the severest test: during this interval of fearful suspense, I well remember congratulating myself that it was, after all, not so frightful as a lieutenant's examination.

Yet the state of excitement during that quarter of an hour was almost agonising. The fifteen minutes seemed, by some magical power, prolonged to an age. In the bustle and hurry of going into action, the feeling which can scarcely fail to come over the mind, that in great probability life, with its hopes and fears, its plans and projects, may terminate in a few moments, is soon banished; but lying in the absolute power, and at the mercy of the enemy, with our hands tied, with nothing for the mind to dwell upon but our utter helplessness, and the calculation how long inevitable destruction might be suspended over our heads, it was indeed horrible!

I was then a very young man, and plead guilty to certain sinkings of spirit; but it was courage itself compared with my fears, as I crept up, flight after flight, the broad, heavy, oaken staircase of the gloomy old house in Crutched Friars.

Pressed as I was for time, I had taken the pre-

caution to propitiate with a crown one of those retainers who always hover about places of office, like a flock of sea-gulls ready to swallow whatever falls in their way. "Now, my good fellow, I want to hasten back to Portsmouth, and haven't a moment to lose; pray contrive to let my name be called as early as possible." The douceur produced the desired effect; and mine was the very next name sounded forth. But now that the important moment had actually arrived, my heart misgave me. I wished I had not been quite so hasty, and would rather that my name had been uncalled, my crown still in my pocket. However, there was now no retreating; and I followed the man who conducted me into the presence of the redoubtable commissioners, more like a culprit going to be condemned than a middy about to be examined.

I stood before them, from my harassing journey and my apprehensions, a miserable object, in a sort of stupor. From this reverie I was soon, however, awakened by a shrill, harsh, grating voice, somewhat resembling the noise of a saw complaining of the carpenter's file whilst in the act

of being sharpened. Bah! it sets my teeth on edge whenever I think of it.

"What do you come here for?" squeaked the voice which at first seemed to issue from the table at which the commissioners were seated. You may fancy such a commencement as this tended neither to improve my looks, nor to increase my confidence. I was unable at first to return any answer; but at length faltered out, "To pass, sir."

"No you don't."

"Yes, indeed, sir, I do."

"You don't, I say."

What an inaugural speech for me! "I'm swamped," was my inward ejaculation. With difficulty I found courage to reply to this extraordinary querist that I had received orders through Captain M'Marlin from the lords of Admiralty; and, to convince the board of the correctness of my statement, I laid my instructions on the table before them. In doing this, I, for the first time, discovered that the voice had proceeded from a diminutive personage in a monstrous bag-wig stationed on the right of the chairman, whom in my confusion I had not noticed, in the wake of a cor-

pulent colleague, lying like a fire-ship under the lee of a three-decker.

My no longer invisible tormentor returned to the charge with malicious pertinacity,

"Your papers have nothing to do with it"

"We have nothing to do with Captain M'Marlin."

"We have nothing to do with you."

"But surely, sir, I have done right in obeying the orders of the Admiralty? Their lordships directed me to appear before the board to be passed, and I am come in obedience to their instructions."

"No, you are not."

How a discussion so extraordinary, and one in which the very premises were disputed, might have terminated, I cannot guess, had not the aforesaid corpulent commissioner interfered to relieve me from my incomprehensible dilemma. I do not know whether philosophers have discovered any natural and necessary connexion between fatness and frankness, corpulence and complacency; or whether a spare habit necessarily goes along with a vinegar disposition; but I have often

observed these qualities of mind and body thriving together. They were at all events avowedly and conspicuously displayed in the two commissioners, the crusty and the complacent. The good-natured colleague solved the mystery, by remarking to me with a significant smile, and a glance at my jacket,

"The commissioner means that we do not pass *lieutenants* here, but *midshipmen* for lieutenants."

Having been so long *acting lieutenant*, I had usually worn *the uniform of that rank*; and in my hurried journey had never given a moment's thought to the impropriety of the costume. This circumstance I stated with due humility, though my blood boiled with rage. I mentioned the hurry in which I had left Portsmouth—the hardship of having to procure a coat for this purpose alone—the impossibility of doing so in time, so as to reach the ship after such a delay. All this I submitted to the board; though, when I thought of the trifle which was creating such perplexity, anger seemed almost to choke me; and expressed my anxious and eager hope that the commissioners would overlook this unintentional inaccuracy. All

in vain; the little bag-wig was inexorable, and I was compelled to descend the oaken staircase almost at my wit's end!

Below I found a posse of my fellow-candidates, midshipmen. "Pray, gentlemen," said I, "is any one here anxious for promotion?"

"Yes, yes—all!" from the whole party.

"Then change jackets, and one of you shall be *made* in an instant." On my explanation of the reasons for asking this accommodation, I was told that Commissioner Le Gros was the author of my vexation. The exchange was speedily effected with the greatest good-nature, and with cordial anathemas from the whole party upon "old Gros," as they designated him. Their aspirations for his future welfare, if they were not of the most courteous description, had at all events the merit of being sincere.

On re-entering the room, that worthy having thrown a disappointed glance at my now unobjectionable dress, I was requested by my corpulent friend to attend to the questions he was about to ask me, and to answer them without hurry or apprehension. Having done so to his satisfaction, he turned

to my tormentor, and asked whether he wished to put any further questions to Mr. Kindersley.

"To be sure I do," was his snappish and uncourteous reply. And question me he did, for two hours, in a manner so cross and tiresome, so desultory and provoking, as to exhaust not only my own patience, but also that, as I clearly perceived, of *all his brother commissioners*. Forbearance itself has limits; and at length, irritated beyond endurance, I charged him plainly with malicious, unfeeling, and ungentlemanly conduct towards a stranger, who could never have offended him, and therefore had no reason to expect such marked hostility at his hands. This produced a downright quarrel; and after all the other members of the board had signed my certificate, he refused to do so, until he was peremptorily required by the first lord of the Admiralty, either to affix his signature to Mr. Kindersley's certificate, or to state in writing the grounds of his refusal. *This brought him to.* I got to windward of old Le Gros at last, and reached the Defiance an hour before she put to sea, under orders for the Mediterranean.

You will readily guess the description of feel-

ings which a young sailor of a temperament, somewhat of the warmest, would entertain towards one who had wantonly insulted him, and so designedly abused the authority placed in his hands. It was months before I could hear Le Gros' name mentioned without expressions of the utmost rage and indignation, long, long after I had returned from my first voyage as lieutenant.

That voyage I could not have made had I not passed my examination. Had I not succeeded, my disappointment would have been lessened, could I have foreseen the narrow escape destined for me; and yet, the danger over, it is pleasing to look back upon such a deliverance as mine; marking as it does so strongly, the interference of a merciful Providence.

We were cruising in the gulf of Lyons. Standing one day on deck, I was struck overboard by a block which fell from the rigging: but as the blow had done me no material injury, and I was a good swimmer, I felt myself in no danger; though, as the ship was under sail, the boat was lashed fast, and the men were a long time in getting her let down. I therefore took it perfectly calmly, though

the ship was now making considerable way; as the wind, which had before been only a light breeze, now sprang up, the waves began to roll, and there was a heavy sea: still I felt no alarm, as I now saw the boat manned and making rapidly towards me. This it continued to do for some distance; but at length it turned, and took another direction. Presently the course was changed, then altered again, evidently betraying the alarming truth, that though *I* could discern the boat, *her crew had lost sight of me*, owing to the rising of the waves, in whose undulations I was floating unperceived. I still, however, kept myself from sinking, trusting that they might at last row in my direction; but this hope forsook me when, after a long and fruitless search, I discovered that they had returned to the ship, which I could plainly see, though at a great distance.

The dreadful truth was then forced upon me, that I was left in the waste of waters, without the slightest hope of assistance from my shipmates! Horror-struck as I was, my self-possession did not yet forsake me; and I began to reflect upon the slight chance there was of escape through the means

of any other vessel which might pass. I turned my thoughts also to the death which seemed almost inevitable; and remembered while thinking of the multiplied follies and vices of my youth, that I had preserved, as a sacred deposit, the miniature Bible, which a dying mother had given me as her parting present on my first going to sea. A ray of hope darted through my mind as I recollected, with unspeakable delight, that this very Bible happened then to be in my pocket. Its possession —I do not attempt to explain it—seemed to inspire me with firmness and fortitude; seemed—I can give no sort of satisfactory explanation of the feeling—to enable me to exert all my powers in the struggle for life, the issue of which was becoming more and more hopeless every minute.

At this instant, however, my resignation was rewarded. I perceived a vessel making directly towards me. I endeavoured to gain her notice by hallooing and every other means in my power; fearing, if I was not observed, I might be run down by her, and thus my last hope of deliverance would become the means of my destruction.

I was shocked to find on her nearing, that I could not escape her going over me, as I was unperceived by any of the crew, and her keel was in a direct line with my body. To my hurried imagination, she then seemed like a vindictive monster eagerly pursuing me; and I had only time to place my hand over my face, as I floated on my back, before I felt the keel graze along my hands and head.

The scars from that wound still remain, as you see. At the moment that I gave myself up for lost, I was seen by an officer rising from under the stern. The boat was instantly let down, and I was brought on board, the officer supposing me to have been one of their own crew, until the features of a stranger undeceived him. I was greatly exhausted, but by proper care restored. A few days afterwards we fell in with the Defiance; and when I went up the side, with rather a pale face, my messmates in their surprise at my unexpected appearance, thought me a visitant from the grave.

You may fancy the hearty congratulations that

awaited me on my providential escape. But to return to old Gros. I had not yet done with him, nor he with me.

Two years after this occurrence, I was entrusted with the charge of a large quantity of specie, which I was ordered to deliver personally to the commissioner of Portsmouth dock-yard. I knew Commissioner Tyrawley, and on my arrival hastened to the arsenal to discharge my trust. He was at that time so dangerously ill, that the duties of his office were discharged by a deputy—and that no other than old Gros. He recognised me instantly; and, with all his former crabbedness, criticised my dress in detail; taking a malicious pleasure in coupling his remarks with allusions to my former appearance before him "in borrowed plumes," as he was pleased to phrase it.

I got away at last, my temper chafed to a degree I now recollect with shame; devoutly hoping, that whatever trials or annoyances might be destined for me, one of them might not be a third interview with Commissioner Gros.

I was always passionately fond of dancing; and I could think of no expedient so well calcu-

lated to disperse the spleen which this disagreeable *rencontre* had excited, as betaking myself to the ball, which was given that evening in honour of one of the royal birthdays. I there made the acquaintance of a charming girl, who had been introduced to me as Miss Lagrow; and so well satisfied did we appear with each other, that I sought for, and she accepted, no other partner the whole evening; the laws of the ball-room in those days permitting such now unheard-of practices.

Hour after hour fled unperceived. I forgot the crabbed commissioner—my spleen at his sarcasms —the expression of his wire-drawn, ill-natured mouth, and the sneers that fell from it; nor did we separate without permission granted on her part to improve the acquaintance. How that improvement took place I need not say. To some it would be unintelligible, to others uninteresting. We parted; and I set out on a six weeks' cruise, with my head full of prospective prize-money, promotion, and the lovely Fanny Lagrow.

It fortuned that my return was again signalised by a rejoicing day. The birthday of the best of monarchs was celebrated at Portsmouth with the

usual demonstrations of loyalty and joy. It was late when I got on shore; but I congratulated myself that it was sufficiently early to join once more in my favourite amusement at the birthday ball. To the rooms I hastened, elate with the hope of again meeting my charming partner; nor did fortune thwart me. Fanny was there; and for once I thought an interesting conversation far preferable to dancing. While thus delightfully engaged I discovered, among the motley group which surrounded us, my ancient tormentor Le Gros. I saw the never-to-be-forgotten bag-wig, heard that high-pitched squeaking voice, and found all my indignation rising with the recollection of the unmerited insults and provocations with which they were identified. He passed at no great distance in conversation with a naval officer, and I, without reflecting where I was, (for even Fanny was forgotten at the moment) launched out against him such a violent tirade, "not loud but deep," as startled my fair companion, and induced her to inquire the cause of my sudden anger and agitation.

"That old scoundrel who has just passed us, is the cause, and cause sufficient if you knew all."

"Who?—what do you mean?"

"Who but that old tyrant in the bag-wig?".

"What! don't you know him?"

"Know him! indeed I do."

"It is surely impossible!"

"Not at all. I've reason enough to know and remember old Commissioner Gros, the most tyrannical, detestable, malignant wretch that ever breathed! I hate him most cordially; and most fervently have I hoped I might never set eyes on his confoundedly ugly visage again."

So completely was I occupied by my angry feelings, that the alarm into which my violence had thrown my gentle companion was at first unnoticed. When I observed her changing colour and trembling limbs, I anxiously offered to assist her. She however repulsed me with a look in which, I have since thought, there was more of sorrow than of anger, faintly articulating, "*Leave me, Mr. Kindersley, and for ever—Commissioner Gros, as you choose to term him, is my father!*"

When the truth flashed upon me I was thunderstruck; and before I could recover from my surprise, Fanny had hastily risen and vanished from the rooms.

From that moment I never saw her more. My visits were rejected; my letters were returned unopened; all power of explanation was denied me; and after the tempest of passion had somewhat subsided, I had full leisure to reflect on the folly of yielding to intemperate and revengeful feelings, and the misfortune and disadvantage of incorrect pronunciation.

I learnt afterwards that the commissioner, rough and sharp as he was to his examinees, was the kindest of parents to his daughter and only child; who, in return, was devotedly attached to him amidst all his oddities and peculiarities.

When I heard this, I loved and valued Fanny more than before; for where, thought I, shall we expect to find allowance for our foibles and failings if we seek it in vain from the sufferance of affection?

Nothing, however, was left for me but to hope that fortune might one day afford me an op-

portunity of making my peace with her, in whose esteem and regard I felt my own happiness to be so deeply involved. But that opportunity never came. Within less than two years she sunk into a premature grave. For myself, I have voyaged the ocean of life alone—a solitary bark. Her equal I have never found. I could not stoop my affection to an inferior love; therefore you see me what I am. But for my ungovernable temper, or my bad French, I might have been——.

But 'tis past—and irrecoverable!

"ONE WORD, GENTLEMEN!"

"The trial to prove Mr. Baker a lunatic came on yesterday. A host of talent; Abbott, Gifford, Dauncey, Pell, all these were engaged on the cause; among others, Counsellor Clappertongue. You remember the counsellor? his singular addiction to set phrases —and the model he was deemed in Exeter of conjugal love, because, when told Mrs. C. had dropped down in the street in a fit, he exclaimed, '*Ha! very good!*' In Baker's cause he said little; but in the next he was characteristic as usual. He commenced a short, pithy, and very pertinent address to the jury, with—'*Gentlemen,* I HAVE MUCH TO SAY TO YOU:' a long, rambling, desultory harangue, with—'ONE WORD, GENTLEMEN!'"—*The Hermit in Exeter,* by MARMADUKE MERRYWHISTLE.

"ONE WORD, GENTLEMEN!"

"ORTHODOX! Evangelical! are we not all orthodox and evangelical?" said the regius professor of ——— at a late clerical meeting, where the character of a clergyman recently instituted to a rectory in the neighbourhood, formed a subject of discussion. "ONE WORD, GENTLEMEN! What says Dr. Johnson, himself the most orthodox of lexicographers, upon this particular point! Where are we to look for the limits of this truly debatable land? I wish we could hear no more of orthodoxy and evangelicism as terms of party distinction."

Most desirable indeed would such a state be, if with the *name* the *thing* ceased for ever; and that

all those who held the Christian faith were bound by Christian concord. But, however devoutly the friends of true religion may wish for such a consummation, the most superficial reader, the veriest novice in the history of the Christian church, must be well aware, that parties there have been in that church from the very time it began to exist in a public, defined, and recognised manner. In the sacred college of the Apostles itself we know there were parties—those who advocated or tolerated circumcision with St. Peter; or resisted and denounced it with St. Paul: and from that hour to the present, there have been party opinions, part feelings, and party distinctions.

In religion as well as in politics, there are factious spirits whom no laws can bind; and while the Church of England does appear to make her pale sufficiently wide to embrace all those who are sincerely desirous of union, she complains loudly and justly of two classes—those who enter upon her offices with inadequate qualifications and with secular views;—and those who continue to discharge them dead to the many weighty duties and solemn obligations which their profession entails.

The time, indeed, is not long since passed by, when the opinion was entertained—it does not yet seem to be altogether exploded—that the hopeful youth of the family who was held to be incompetent for any other pursuit, would yet "do very well for a parson." Dr. ——, the head of ——, and rector of ———, was applied to by one of his parishioners, a wealthy tradesman, on the subject of placing his son at the university. "What reasons have you? Is your son studiously inclined —fond of his books—disposed towards the ministry?" "No; by no means." Tom was rather *outwardly given*; could never, at no time, abide the sight of a book. As to bringing him up to his own business, he had not head enough for a *brewer*; but he was strongly advised to get him into the *Church!*

What a strange anomaly it is, that a youth should be expected to discover a predilection and talents for all other professions as an earnest of future success, but in that most important of all offices upon which man can enter, talents, habits, feelings, are frequently left out of consideration! Hence the shifts to which the incapacitated are

reduced in the production of a weekly sermon. Hence the different kinds of print in imitation of Ms.; and the late improvement which has pressed lithography into the service of the indolent or incompetent. Hence those inconsistencies of conduct which amuse the observant and puzzle the undecided.

The evening before last, the rector of M——, near Oxford, was pressed by his hostess to join the young people at the round-table. He at first resisted stoutly; but at length sat down, declaring that it was useless to strain at a gnat and swallow a camel! What this divine's *camel* was, however, I could never discover. The *gnat* was Pope Joan!

A clergyman's amusements should be clerical; innocent without being ascetic, and cheerful without being boisterous. Literature and science, music and drawing, gardening and agriculture, all these may be regarded as proper and legitimate relaxations, and can be brought to bear upon his professional studies. If it be urged that some clergymen, such is the vast variety of human dispositions, may have no taste for such pursuits,

the reply is short:—They who engage in so momentous an undertaking as that of the ministry, must learn to raise their habits and feelings *up* to its standard; and not expect that standard to come *down* to their inferior practice.

It admits of doubt, whether field-sports, harmless in themselves, are not objectionable as the relaxation of a minister. Angling, though held to be a meditative and quiet amusement, from the days of antient Isaak downwards, cannot be exempted from the charge of premeditated cruelty: shooting is liable to the same objection; and although much is pleaded in favour of both these sports, on the ground that they induce healthful rambles among the beauties of nature, the man who requires a fishing-rod or a fowling-piece as a sort of *sauce piquante*, to make him relish the prodigal feast which Nature spreads out for her admirers, must be lamentably deficient in true taste, and is hardly worth catering for.

For hunting, few will contend as a clerical pastime. Some few years ago, a learned and excellent prelate was all but run down by a party of hunters, (many of whom were clergymen of the

neighbourhood,) who came suddenly and unexpectedly upon him in one of his quiet rides near the palace. Had the venerable bishop suffered any fatal injury, which from his extreme short-sightedness was with difficulty averted, the church would have been presented with the singular spectacle of a diocesan killed by his own clergy! But this by the way. Some few are still to be found in pepper-and-salt riding-coats, among harriers and fox-hounds; but the race is hourly diminishing; and it may be hoped in a few years, "a fox-hunting parson" will be as great a rarity in the kingdom as a wolf or an egret!

"*One word, gentlemen!*" To the sacred profession above all others the observation will apply, *pluris est oculatus testis quam auriti decem.*

It is a truth worthy the *serious* consideration of all *serious* thinkers, that the present is a period in which the Church of England requires the strenuous and unanimous support of all her zealous members, and especially of her clergy. In secular professions, exactness of discipline is held to be proper and praiseworthy. Members of the army and navy are not ashamed of regularity in obe-

dience to the articles of war, *except, I believe, that which proscribes duelling;* neither do they disdain the uniform appropriate to their respective services and ranks. But some clergymen appear as if they thought a seemly conformity to the rubric a work of supererogation; and dress as if they considered the "customary black" an invidious distinction. In these times it is the part of prudence to array every legitimate auxiliary in the cause of the establishment. Let the clergy not only go back to the dress, but to the morals, and in many respects to the manners of the reformers and their successors, the Cranmers, Ridleys, Jewels, Sandersons. The Church, it is true, is assailed by powerful enemies, *but her worst foes are those of her own household.* Amidst all the attacks of assailants without, and all the heartlessness, and cowardice, and treachery, of her unworthy sons within, she yet possesses vantage-ground. Nay more; she will maintain it so long as she is true to herself and her high and responsible duties. Let that grand truth, so nobly advanced by one of the ablest of her bishops, be engraved on the me-

mory of all her sons—that it is *as a spiritual church she must stand or fall.*

"The facts and arguments advanced by the noble Earl (Roden), could only have arisen from a mistake of the nature of the propositions before the House; or from a confusion of two things perfectly distinct in their existence; viz. the temporalities of the church and its spiritual character. He would tell their lordships that these two things were not connected together; and that one of these might be destroyed without the principle of the other being affected. The church might be separated from the state—its ministers might be rejected from their benefices—its revenues might be transferred to the support of other denominations, or diverted to secular purposes, *but still it would continue to exist as a religious community.* Its believers would meet for the purpose of performing the act of worship according to its creed; and they would perform it in a decent form, and with great scrupulousness as to its rites, although they might be deprived of their places of worship. IT MIGHT BE STRIPPED OF ITS WORLDLY

WEALTH; BUT IT WOULD STILL REMAIN RICH IN SPIRITUAL BLESSINGS."—Bishop of Lincoln's Speech in the House of Lords on the repeal of the Corporation and Test Acts.

MY PREDECESSORS.

" See how beneath the moonbeam s smile
Yon little billow heaves its breast,
And foams and sparkles for a while,
And murmuring there subsides to rest.

So man, the sport of bliss and care,
Rises on Time's eventful sea,
And having swelled a moment there,
Then sinks into Eternity !"

Moore.

MY PREDECESSORS.

I RECEIVED the other day, through Clerk Brady, an application for authenticated copies of the marriage register of Caleb Kettlewell and Barbara Backstitch, with that of the baptisms of their ten children. In pursuit of the nubile and baptismal notitia of this remarkable family, I had to examine the pages of the register of Stanborough during a period of more than twenty years: While thus engaged, I could not avoid being struck with the number and variety of the names of those whose autographs announced them as the ministers under whose auspices the several members of the house of Kettlewell had been admitted within the pale of the visible church.

When, twenty-five years since, Caleb Kettlewell, brazier of this parish, after due and legal notice, was united to Barbara Backstitch, the REV. DR. DRUMBLEDRONE was minister of Stanborough. He was quickly succeeded by MR. NICANOR NEWLIGHT, as I find the latter divine's name affixed to the baptismal entry of Caleb Constantine, first-born, son of the aforesaid worthy pair.

I learn that Mr. Kettlewell, like many other excellent persons, attached much importance to the *length*, as well as the euphony and meaning, of a name. With all the feelings of a Spanish hidalgo, he attributed much dignity to its prolixity: with a full persuasion of its operation upon the future destiny of his children, he was most careful as to appropriate selection in the sponsorial appellations of his progeny. *Vox hominem sonat*, would Caleb have said, had he read Virgil: as it was, he expressed himself to the same purpose in the vernacular. Thus I find every branch of the house of Kettlewell with a cognominal affix of greater or less extension. Not one of them could boast of less than two Christian names. The anxious father would have deemed it barbarity to

have shorn his children of the fair proportions of a name—having a contempt as sovereign for such persons as Hugh Cox, John Toms, and Ralph Hodge, as any savage from Nootka Sound to the Falkland Isles. Indeed, it was ever a matter of inexpressible regret that he had not been better treated by his own parents in this particular; and though a staunch churchman, he entertained considerable respect for the Baptists; *as their usage afforded persons the most laudable facilities for choosing their own Christian name.*

As it was, however, he made the best of it. "Caleb Kettleweil was a name of no such despicable length"—"collectively, it formed a tolerable polysyllable." To do him justice, he always used it at full. Of the brazier it might be said, like the Ionic dialect, "gaudet resolutionibus." It was therefore matter of much self-gratulation that the spirit of abbreviation had never seized upon "Caleb." It still stood upon its own bottom, while William, Thomas, Robert, and Benjamin, were dwarfed down into such hideous monosyllables as Bill, Tom, Ben, and Bob. He could not see, for his part, how it could be shortened,

unless by making it CALE. "Cale!" "Cale!" he would exclaim, waxing wroth at his own supposition,—"a man might as well be transmogrified into Scotch cabbage at once!"

Such was the personage whose genius for nomenclature found ample exercise in the succession of a numerous and thriving progeny. Mr. Kettlewell, with various peculiarities, was an upright and industrious man—an affectionate husband and father. His family was to him "a source of pride and pleasure, notwithstanding all that Malthus and his followers might decree to the contrary." To the well-connected arguments of a neighbour, who plumed himself upon being a thorough-paced political economist, Caleb had but one reply, to which he stuck with the most provoking pertinacity—"'The Bible always speaks of children as a blessing—'Happy is the man that hath his quiver full of them.'"

But to return from the house of Kettlewell to my predecessors. At the baptism of their second child, Barbara Bridget Backstitch, the REV. N. NEWLIGHT presided at the font. After his appear the entries of Elias Ashmole Holinshed,

M.A., F.R.S.; F.A.S. These dignitarial letters invariably appear. This learned divine baptized Ursula Urania, the third child, and adds two notulary queries, in reference to the derivation of the infant's name. Ursula he regards as a diminutive of Ursa, and therefore desires to know, whether Ursula had not originally some affinity to *Ursa Minor*, the Little Bear. Were this the case, he would regard the juxtaposition of URANIA as "singularly happy," and reflecting the highest credit on the "classical turn" of the parents. But nothing of this kind had influenced Caleb. A favourite maiden aunt had borne the name of the virgin saint; and as for Urania, it was selected to commemorate the circumstance of the infant having come into the world at the commencement of a remarkable eclipse. Mr. Kettlewell therefore decided that his daughter would possess a turn for astronomy; and having consulted his neighbour, the watchmaker, on the subject of an appropriate name for a damsel "with such prospects," URANIA was determined upon as a suitable and euphonical affix to Ursula.

Before the next scion of the Kettlewell stock

(born on the day celebrated as the fiftieth anniversary of our late revered monarch's reign) was baptized GEORGE GUELPH JUBILEE, not less than five pastors had rapidly succeeded each other at Stanbcrough. After them came DR. CHRISTOPHER COLOPHON, Fellow of Gonville and Caius College, Cambridge. In an evil hour did he accept the living. He lingered out one miserable year at such a distance from the university library and the Parker Mss., and returned to Caius with symptoms of confirmed hypochondria before the close of the second long vacation.

One of the younger children was baptized by the REV. JAMES JUMPS. Against this ancestor of mine, *ex officio*, Caleb, as Brady informs me, always entertained a strong prejudice from the very first. He held it to be "almost impossible that a man with *so brief a name* could have *much* in him." Caleb it seems was right—but more of *him* hereafter.

It appears, however, before his accession to the curacy, five junior branches of the brazier's family, with names equally grandiloquent and significant with those already mentioned, were admitted into

the church by as many different ministers, all resident clergymen at Stanborough. When I delivered the required extract of the register to our parish clerk, Brady, I expressed my surprise at finding such a succession of clergymen in a space of time comparatively short. "Why, clerk," said I, "the vicarage seems to have been a perfect caravansera!"

"As to that, your Honor, I don't know much about caravans and such things—I never travelled in 'em—but there have been a cruel quantity of ministers since I was put in by Parson Drumbledrone, seven-and-twenty years ago. I was always, as you see, a poor frail body, but I have seen out no less than eighteen parsons nevertheless! and of all these, only one died in the parish!"

Of these, my numerous predecessors, I have learnt the following particulars, chiefly from the aforesaid Brady, who takes supreme delight in recounting the various memoirs of his several masters.

Dr. Drumbledrone was a most quiescent administrator of the ecclesiastical affairs of the parish. He entertained an unconquerable aversion to loco-

motion, and would as soon engage in perambulations for the mere pleasure of walking as a Turk. The distance from the vicarage to the church was an undertaking sufficiently formidable to a man of his cast of mind and body—the former being of a lethargic quality, the latter plethoric, inert, and gouty. He was never known to stir beyond the precincts of the church-town of Stanborough. The distant parts of his parish, which extended about four miles, were a *terra incognita* to their sedentary pastor. The inhabitants of the hamlet of Molescombe, at the extremity, might be Anthropophagi for any thing the Doctor knew to the contrary. To inquire into their well-being, or to visit them at such a distance, surely could not be expected—it was not "in the bond." All he felt himself called upon to do was, to go through the morning and evening service on Sunday; to marry, bury, and baptize, as circumstances arose. His sermons were confined to the morning, and were never known to exceed fifteen minutes in length; nor were they usually less than ten; the latter was remarked as the Doctor's minimum, and between these two points would his discourses range;

though Brady hinted, with much archness, that a sermon of unwonted brevity having been "timed," was found to have been a minute and a half below zero.

Far be it from me to stand forth as the advocate of prolix discourses; yet surely the pulpit is susceptible of the *aurea mediocritas*—of a mean between the interminable harangues of the olden divines, and the brief sermonets of the Drumble-drone school. The former appear to blond too readily and naturally with egotism; the latter may be justly charged with unconcern and apathy. A discourse limited to twelve or fifteen minutes can scarcely allow scope for bringing forward in a clear, impressive, and convincing manner, any of the leading doctrines of the Christian faith; nor are there to be found many congregations so unlettered as to be unable to discern from such hurried sermons that the preacher evinces no personal interest in the truths, however important, of which he is the organ. Absence of feeling is a want which no hearer is slow to discover. What comes not from the heart—the heart it can never reach.

But I feel I am trenching upon delicate and disputable ground; a most incongruous circumstance truly in connexion with Dr. Drumbledrone, whom not even the primacy itself could have tempted into controversy. It stands upon record, that he was never known to advance an opinion upon any controverted point ("it was too much trouble: besides, it was utterly useless and unnecessary," he observed)—*except in reference to a revision of the Liturgy*. This, he held, might be CURTAILED with decided advantage. The service, he thought, it must be admitted by every REASONABLE person, was very long, and very fatiguing. *One* creed, he submitted, was *quite sufficient*; and of the three liturgical confessions of faith, he preferred that of the Apostles. The Athanasian Dr. Drumbledrone never used; yet no one ever doubted his orthodoxy. One Trinity Sunday, however, he was complimented by a parishioner who partook in the popular and unfounded objections alleged against this matchless composition. "You mistake, sir," replied the Doctor,—"my omission does not proceed from

any reason of that kind. I concur most fully in every clause, and should have no hesitation in using it—*but it is so long!*"

Dr. Drumbledrone died in his elbow chair when he had just attained his grand climacteric. He had been occupied three years in considering whether it was less trouble to continue a personal discharge of his duties, or to undertake the arrangements necessary for obtaining the assistance of a curate. Death put an end to his deliberations, after an incumbency of twenty-five years.

He was succeeded by Mr. Nicanor Newlight, before mentioned. A more direct contrast could scarcely have been imagined than appeared in the characters of the deceased vicar and his successor. One, all bustle, activity, inquisitiveness—the other, all quietude, apathy, and listlessness. Occurrences the most extraordinary might take place within ear-shot of the parsonage without ever disturbing the tranquillity of the Doctor's retreat. On the other hand, nothing could escape the penetration of his successor. He knew all transactions, great and small; and under his inquisitive reign

the parsonage appeared to have been transformed from another Castle of Indolence into the Temple of Fame. Mr. Newlight had not been a week in the parish before he knew something of *all* the concerns of *all* the families in Stanborough. Within that brief space he had interposed as uninvited umpire in three several domestic altercations, all of which he inflamed by his "*views*" of the character of "a peace-maker." It always remained a puzzle and a paradox how the parson obtained all the information he possessed. It is true he seemed endowed with a sort of ubiquity, with such restless activity did he scour the parish; and the old Irish pensioner stoutly affirmed that he was like a bird "in two places at once."

From Brady's account of Mr. Newlight's theological opinions, he held what are termed very high doctrines; in other words, he was an Antinomian; and in broaching his tenets not a little excited the wonderment of the people of Stanborough. His discourses, of an hour and a half each, were devoted to the exposition—as he would doubtless have complacently described his extemporaneous and extravagant effusions—of the doc-

trines of grace as advocated by the highest Antinomian. While his congregation listened without edification to his involved and disjointed harangues upon the most mysterious points of doctrine, a few better informed and more anxious than the mass could not forbear asking one another with feelings of deep sorrow—If this be Christianity, where have fled the reverential and heart-felt devotion of the Liturgy?—where the sublime and beautiful precepts—the grand, but simple and touching doctrines of the New Testament!

A noted affector of quaint and extraordinary texts was Mr. Newlight. His first sermon was from Ezra i. 9. "NINE-AND-TWENTY KNIVES." He held that every word of Scripture was capable of being spiritualised, or IMPROVED,* as was his favourite term; and he therefore "cultivated especially those parts of the field" of sacred lore, which were usually passed over as barren and

* Mr. Newlight was not singular in the use of this term. Dr. Southey has preserved an advertisement which appeared in the papers of the day, announcing that "the battle of Trafalgar would be improved on such a day at Worship Street chapel, from Rev. viii. 9: 'And the third part of the ships were destroyed.'"

unproductive. This memorable discourse he divided into nine-and-twenty heads—thus making the divisions of his subject correspond to the number of knives mentioned by the sacred chronicler. He referred to the different kinds of knives to be found in holy writ—the knife which Abraham took to slay his son—the knife as sharp as a razor, which Ezekiel was commanded to use—the knife to be set to the throat of a man given to gluttony—the knives with which the prophets of Baal lacerated themselves at the sacrifice on Mount Carmel—and so on to the end of twenty-nine. The preacher then proceeded to show that these twenty-nine knives, as part of the sacred furniture of the temple, were designed to represent the methods by which the elect were cut off from all dependance upon self. Can such extravagancies tend to the everlasting welfare of man, or to the honour of the Almighty?

Mr. Newlight evinced, on all occasions, the most marked contempt for human learning. He vaunted his own total want of acquaintance with the learned languages, and his admittance into holy orders without the expence, and, he might

add, advantage of a college course. His most valued brother and correspondent, William Huntington, S. S., ranked with him above all the D.D.'s and S.T.P.'s in both universities; and yet Mr. Newlight subsequently condescended to *purchase* a St. Andrew's degree!

He could read God's word, he would argue, in his mother-tongue. That was sufficient to enable any man to learn the way of salvation IF HE WERE ONE OF THE ELECT;—IF HE WERE NOT, even had he the gift of tongues, it would be unavailing! With such means for commenting upon Scripture, it will not be surprising to find that Mr. Newlight's glosses were of the most extra-ordinary kind. That most beautiful and impressive illustration of a benignant and ever-watchful Providence over the minutest concerns of his creatures, "The very hairs of your head are all numbered," was thus tortured and mangled by Nicanor: he contended that it was meant by the Saviour to prove that the "*heirs of immortality*," the elect, were all numbered, and that consequently salvation was confined to a chosen few!

Such were the commentaries and criticisms of Mr. Nicanor Newlight. At the expiration of twelve months he transferred his expositions and his inquisitiveness to Wolverhampton; where the Rehoboth chapel was closed in consequence of the superior boldness of Mr. Newlight's flights over those of Mr. Gehazi Gateshead, the Independent minister. In another part of the kingdom, a few years since, I found Mr. Newlight still officiating as a minister of a church whose liturgy he contemns—whose discipline he braves—whose doctrines he hourly contravenes—whose rites and ceremonies he denounces on all occasions as papistical, creature-exalting, and unscriptural.—Many parts of the baptismal and marriage services, like Dr. Drumbledrone, he omitted, as he did also the Athanasian creed; and thus, from principles diametrically opposite, did these divines arrive at conclusions of a similar character.

Next came Mr. Gantlope, a retired army chaplain, who obtained the living through the interest of the late Duke of Rutland while governor of the station where Mr. G. held the appointment of chaplain. All the habits and prepossessions of

this divine ran in a military channel; and, happily for him, his lot was cast in times, and among men, propitious to his pursuits and opinions. He came to Stanborough when the dread of invasion by Napoleon's flotilla of flat-bottomed boats pervaded all ranks and districts from Cheapside and Charing Cross, to Cornwall, Cork, and Caithness.

Stanborough had not been deficient in loyal feelings. Its overt acts, however, had hitherto been confined to denunciations against the Corsican, if he should presume to land. Under the influence of Mr. Gantlope's example and inspiriting harangues, matters began to assume a more efficient aspect. His first sermon on the subject of arming in defence of our native land produced such an effect, that the parishioners assembled on the succeeding day and formed themselves into a volunteer corps for the defence of the nation, with the proper quantum of officers subaltern and superior.

This part of the arrangements, however, was not accomplished without considerable difficulty. In fact it was soon found to be an affair of the utmost delicacy. All the principal inhabitants

aspired to the supreme post of major. But as the majority of the embryo corps admitted but of one occupant—unlike the thrones of Brentford and Lacedæmon, which are the only binarchies upon authentic record—the point was at length conceded in favour of Squire Doubtfire, who having formerly served as a militia captain, was thought to prefer superior claims to Mr. Hardiknute Heavisides, the retired stock-broker. On the promotion of Major Doubtfire, Mr. Heavisides withdrew in dudgeon from the deliberations of the martial conclave. "What," said he, "was the Wessex militia in which Mr. Doubtfire has served, compared with the train-bands of Candlewick ward, in which I obtained *my laurels?* Are General Simcoe's reviews of the Wessex to be contrasted with my marchings and counter-marchings under the eye of his Most Gracious Majesty on Wimbledon Common? MY SPIRIT BURNS WITHIN ME!"

The wrath of the Candlewick veteran was, however, at length appeased, and he subsequently accepted a captaincy — on Mr. Gantlope's assurance that it was a post of greater honour be-

cause of greater danger than that of commanding officer. "Mr. Gantlope, I believe you," was Mr. Heavisides' dignified response. "Like Cato, I sacrifice my private wrongs"—and he laid his hand most pathetically upon his capacious diaphragm—"to the good of my country!"

The lieutenancies were confided to the surgeon and attorney. Mr. Caradoc Pendragon, a scrivener of Welsh extraction, steward to the Countess Dowager of Cardigan, united in his one portly person the offices of adjutant and quarter-master; and thus, with cornets from the younger and wealthier yeomen, was the list of officers at length completed.

Never, since the days of Cadmus and Jason, was there a more sudden transformation than was thus effected through the eloquence of Mr. Gantlope in the parish of Stanborough. It seemed as if that worthy divine had scattered another seeding of dragon's teeth; for armed men appeared, as it were, to spring from the clods of the valley. The quiet and retirement of a country village, for it scarcely could deserve the appellation of a town, though large and populous, was changed for the bustle and gaiety of a military post. Every duty,

every occupation, every recreation, was mixed with military accomplishments. The squire's hall, the farmer's kitchen, the tradesman's shop, the peasant's cottage, all bore evident marks of martial propensities and preparations. What could be more natural, for instance, than for Doctor Kneebone to visit his patients attired in his military habiliments? Indeed it was found to be not only natural but advantageous, especially among the female part of his patients, whose antipathies are held by philosophers to be in diametric opposition to those of the turkey-cock. Sooth to say, at Stanborough, no damsel of high or low degree would condescend to regard with a favourable eye any suitor who could not number upon his pretensions the crowning qualification of being "*a military man.*"

This prevailing propensity was the origin of the unlooked-for appearance of Mr. Pendragon, in a character so little germane to his wonted habits, as that of a man of war. At the juncture of Mr. Gantlope's martial harangue, the scrivener was endeavouring to persuade Mrs. Patty Prateapace, the relict of a pains-taking tallow-chandler, who

had died "*well to do*," to become the third Mrs. Pendragon. And although his suit had hitherto prospered, from the hour in which she heard Mr. Gantlope's "wonderfully searching sermon," she gave her suitor clearly to understand, that unless he immediately consented to follow the drum, she would never march with him to the altar.

In vain the scrivener urged his age and incapacity for the active duties of the field. Mrs. Prateapace was a tactician as well as a logician; and declared that the same reasons, if just, might be alleged against his enlisting under the banners of Hymen. "'None but the brave—none but the brave,'—you know the rest, Mr. Pendragon;" and the enamoured scrivener enrolled himself among the Stanborough volunteers one week, and called Mrs. Prateapace his own the next.

The embodying of the Stanborough corps was the transaction which rendered illustrious the incumbency of Mr. Gantlope. His delight was indescribable when he marched to church, in full canonicals, at the side of Major Doubtfire, every Sunday, after morning parade. And although some of the more fastidious of his flock doubted as

to the propriety of such display in a minister of the gospel of peace, they could not contend against the arguments and authorities of their polemical pastor. "The prophet Samuel," he averred, "had assumed the sword on an occasion of emergency; the palatine bishop of Durham wears a sword under his rochet; and moreover (this was his climax of unanswerable argument), is not H. R. H. the Commander-in-Chief at this moment Bishop of Osnabruck? Say no more, say no more, Mr. Harmony: you mean well I know, but the Church is a church *militant* to all intents and purposes."

In this spirit he reckoned another event which occurred during his incumbency as one of the proudest of his life—the review of the Wessex militia, and the several volunteer corps of the district, in Ravenscroft Park, by Lord Gorlæven, colonel of the regiment and proprietor of the mansion. Fears of the long-threatened invasion ran very high at that moment; and the people of Stanborough, from their maritime situation, opposite the French coast, were under peculiar alarm, more especially as one of the public prints had

pointed out Fisherton Bay as a spot which required to be guarded against any sudden descent of the enemy. Under such apprehensions, the whole neighbourhood flocked with feelings of great excitement to the grand review on the appointed day. As a child, I remember having been present; and Mr. Gantlope stands now before me as he then stood while performing the morning service in the centre of the hollow square formed around him. At such a time, it could not be contemplated with any other feelings than as a spectacle at once singular, imposing, and inspiriting. From the multitudinous mass proceeded the deep sonorous voice of the vicar of Stanborough haranguing the soldiery from Judges v. 23; and recounting to them every kind and variety of malediction which would, undoubtedly, light upon all those who shrunk from their duty in such a just and righteous cause. His rostrum was in perfect keeping with the subject and occasion. The drum of the regiment served for pulpit and reading-desk: and many a time has Mr. Gantlope been heard to declare, that the sermon at the Ravenscroft review was the best

he ever had preached, or ever should preach again.

But Mr. Gantlope was doomed to experience the instability of all human gratification and happiness. At the peace, or rather truce, of Amiens, the Stanborough volunteers, with many others, were ordered to be disbanded. This stroke was too much for the equanimity and fortitude of the martial vicar; and he resigned the living, the scene of his former triumphs, to occupy a station more congenial to his habits. His last act was the interment of his friend Captain Heavisides, whose military propensities did not forsake him in death. At his own particular request, instead of the usual cerements of the grave, the body was clad in full regimentals, and the funeral solemnised with all the military honours in the power of the volunteer corps to bestow. Mr. Gantlope preached a funeral sermon on the occasion, and likened the departed chief to David, to Judas Maccabæus, Cincinnatus, Edward the Confessor, Godfrey of Bouillon, St. Louis, Jerome of Prague, and Gustavus Vasa, to the wonderment and admiration of

the whole volunteer body, who thought Mr. Gantlope's sermon "very fine," in a ratio exactly inverse to their powers of comprehending it!*

In the midst of his eccentricities, however, Mr. Gantlope was zealous, charitable, and conciliating; and left the parish universally regretted.

His successor, the Rev. E. A. Holinshed, M.A., F.A.S., F.R.S., boasted a descent from the celebrated chronicler of that name, and had imbibed, from a parent devoted to antiquarianism, a strong predilection for the same pursuits. With every disposition to discharge the important duties of a parish priest, his choice of Stanborough had been determined by the circumstance, that the long-disputed Roman station of Moridunum had been placed within its precincts by the Bishop of Cloyne and other antiquaries; and that, according to the same authorities, a branch of the great Ikeneld Street ran near the church, the crest of which was still visible in the uncultivated tracts of Stanborough chase. This was observed to be the new minister's favourite resort; and as no mortal had

* *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.*

ever heard Mr. Holinshed say for what purpose he frequented this wild and desolate spot, conjecture and curiosity were busily employed in assigning reasons for his solitary visits. The chase had been ever remarkable, it is true, for game of every kind in abundance. The heights were plentifully stocked with muir-fowl. Pixycombe, the glen where the old priory stood, was noted by sportsmen and poachers as the earliest resort of the woodcock; and the stream which brawled, and fretted, and struggled among the rocks, alders, and rushes of that lonesome dell, was known and celebrated among the disciples of old Izaak Walton. All or any of these might have attracted the visits of many a clerical resident; but it was shrewdly suspected that Mr. Holinshed was lamentably ignorant in all things pertaining to field-sports; nay, some went even the length of asserting that the parson did not positively "know a hawk from a hernshaw." But be this as it may, it was ascertained that his name appeared in no list of game certificates; and no one accused him of *poaching propensities!* Besides, his equipments were not those of a sportsman. He was seen to

sally from the vicarage with books, a long staff, and some other singular and nondescript instruments. But for fishing-rods, fowling-pieces, or casting-nets, it was pretty well ascertained by the gossips of Stanborough that the armoury at the vicarage consisted only of an old blunderbuss without a lock, the sole relic of Mr. Gantlope's martial establishment! It was for a long time seriously and anxiously debated whether Mr. Holinshed was "a conjuror;" "a treasure-hunter, in search of mines or buried gold;" "the wandering Jew;" or, "A LITTLE CRACKED, POOR GENTLEMAN!"

The first opinion, however, manifestly lost ground from the time that the minister refused to exorcise Mrs. Blubbabub's dairy, which she avowed "was bewitched somehow," and denounced all such superstitious and heathenish notions from the pulpit, on the succeeding Sunday, in a most recondite sermon; during which he likened the abashed Mrs. Blubbabub to Saul leaving his God, and repairing for counsel to the witch of Endor.

From this time the opinion held by "the better sort" as to the parson's pursuits began to gain

strength: it was found that he was neither a treasure-hunter nor a dealer in the occult arts, but had a great fancy for rusty swords, spear-heads, and battle-axes, old earthen-pots, and cankered coins.

In the midst of this devotion to antiquarian pursuits, he was conscientiously alive to the important duties of his sacred vocation, and zealous in promoting the best interests of mankind. Duly appreciating the beautiful ritual of our church, he was punctual in his observance of the rubric, and required from his parishioners similar attention. His anxiety to promote due decorum in public worship was fatal to his health and quiet. He was literally a martyr to the cause!

In an evil hour for him, the picturesque cottage at Fisherton-bay was taken for the summer months by the Honourable Misses Rigadoon, ladies of wealth, and of a certain age,* connected by marriage with the late Countess of Cardigan. As a means of dissipating the *ennui* which, after their first fortnight at Sea-View Cottage, began to

* Certain: i. e. uncertain; *lucus a non lucendo.*

make its appearance in their coterie, the Misses Rigadoon resolved on going to church; but, as if to prove that persons of such distinction were above the observance of times and forms, they were never seen to enter the church until the desk-service had nearly closed. Mr. Holinshed observed this indecorum more than once without remark. The ladies were strangers, and might not have known the hour; but when it was repeated, again and again, he was compelled to abandon this charitable interpretation of their conduct, and to believe it intentional: he therefore took occasion to animadvert, in general terms, on the irreverence and impropriety of a late attendance at divine service, in the hope that the congregation, otherwise regular, might not be again interrupted. Instead, however, of influencing the Misses Rigadoon to change their breakfast hour, and reach church a little earlier, the preacher's reproof was construed into a personal attack, and resented accordingly. The next Sunday, therefore, the vicar had commenced his sermon before the gaily-attired footman of the Honourable Miss Rigadoon had marshalled his ladies to the Cardigan pew: an-

other Sunday came, and brought the wrathful trio still later. Such outrageous conduct could not be suffered to pass unnoticed. The preacher paused —waited until the dignified dames were fairly seated before he uttered another word. Every eye was naturally directed to the offending parties. They gained their seats with less noise and bustle than usual; and even Hardman, gifted as he was known to be with no ordinary assurance, blushed to the ears.

This second attack exasperated these high-blooded damsels beyond all bounds. They determined to retaliate by every means in their power. They continued their late attendance: nay more, they began a system of talking, laughing, nodding, exhibiting newspapers, and some said even packs of cards in their hands instead of prayer-books.

This outrageous line of conduct was persevered in till even Mr. Holinshed's mild and gentle spirit was worked upon, "Forbearance itself," he exclaimed, "has limits!" and in an unguarded moment, one indeed for him of unusual excitement, he made a direct allusion to the conduct of "THOSE DISORDERLY FEMALES."

This was sufficient. Miss Alicia Rigadoon felt that she had her adversary on the hip. "*Her character was impugned.*" The "blood of the Rigadoons was called in question;" and immediately after the conclusion of the sermon the weird sisters started off for Westchester. They obtained, without delay, a personal interview with the bishop; represented to him in the most glaring colours, and in the most exaggerated terms, the conduct of the unfortunate clergyman; and succeeded in drawing down upon Mr. Holinshed the censure of his diocesan, together with a demand from that dignitary of a public apology, "to heal the wounded feelings of those ladies of distinction whom he had so grossly libelled."

His lordship, moreover, intimated, that this step would be the only means of averting a ruinous process, which would otherwise be forthwith instituted against him, in the ecclesiastical courts, for "brawling in the church."

In vain did Mr. Holinshed, on the receipt of this mandate, hasten to lay before the bishop his statement of the case. In vain did he endeavour to explain that the observation complained of

applied only and exclusively to the manner in which the Misses Rigadoon had deported themselves in church. The bishop was peremptory. The demand was reiterated. Mr. Holinshed "could not apologise for an act which occurred in the simple discharge of his duty," and therefore resigned his appointment. But the blow so unexpected was too much for his fortitude; and he never recovered from the low, nervous fever brought on by apprehension, vexation, and chagrin.

The next entries in our register are in a very stiff, firm hand—that of Christopher Colophon, D. D. Dr. Colophon was an absentee; not an Irish absentee from his estate, but from himself. He was a zealous promoter of every plan set on foot for the diffusion of Christian knowledge among the heathen; and had engaged in a translation of the Gospels into Sanskrit. In its progress he had traced an affinity between that language and the Samaritan. From that moment his thoughts were so fully employed on this discovery, that all his other acts were rather the effects of habit, than of premeditation and re-

flection. All the extraordinary accounts upon record of absence of mind were realised in his person, with this sole exception, that he was never known, like Professor Farish, instead of an egg, to boil his watch in a saucepan. But the consequences—the confusion he caused in the parish and its neighbourhood, by sending messages and directing letters intended for one person to other and very different individuals, to the infinite bewilderment of both parties—were sometimes ludicrous, and at others disastrous.

But the most extraordinary of all his lapses of memory occurred from his having engaged to preach in behalf of the charity-schools of the parish, at the request of the patrons and managers. Dr. Colophon was kindness itself. "Most undoubtedly!—of course! Any thing in his power he would most readily do. Flattered by the request, delighted to be of service," was his ready and gracious reply. Thus far all was well. But Dr. Colophon returned to his study, his Samaritan, and his Sanskrit, and thought no more of the school or the promised sermon.

Sunday came. The doctor mounted the pulpit, while the children were all duly marshalled in the gallery before him. The text was announced, and although sufficiently foreign to the subject, yet, as some of the congregation had been accustomed to more than one instance of that ingenuity which, by a kind of dovetailing process, converts an *ordinary* into an *occasional* and appropriate sermon, those who were thus far initiated thought all would be brought to bear by some convenient parenthesis in the peroration.

The discourse proceeded; reached the expected point of righting; passed it; still no mention of the charity. The sermon concluded; the benediction was pronounced; still not the most distant allusion to the schools: and the managers, who had expected such a collection as would have relieved their truly praiseworthy charity from some heavy encumbrances, saw the congregation about to depart with the utmost consternation and dismay, until Dr. Colophon was reminded of his omission by the clerk, when he "*begged the congregation's pardon, and* TRUSTED THAT

THEIR LIBERALITY WOULD SUPPLY HIS NEGLECT!"*

Soon after the above occurrence Dr. Colophon returned to Cambridge, to fill the office of prelector of Caius, and resume his recondite researches among the Mss. of the university library; to which he duly repaired through the gate of Honour, as regularly as St. Mary's tolled the hour of nine. His place was supplied at Stanborough by the REVEREND JAMES JUMPS, who was a little, light figure; and was soon discovered, by the coteries of the neighbourhood, to be possessed of a variety of accomplishments.

He played the flute and violin a little, chess

* An instance of similar forgetfulness once occurred to Baron Thompson on the western circuit. A notorious offender had been found guilty by the jury, but the judge had omitted to pass the intended sentence of transportation on the criminal. On being reminded by the sheriff of his omission, "Bless me!" exclaimed his lordship, "I really forget. Tipstaff, call back Barnwell." Judge Thompson was noted for his universal urbanity and politeness; and on the prisoner's reappearance at the bar, he addressed him with—"John Barnwell, I really beg your pardon for omitting to pass sentence upon you!. The sentence of the court is, that you be transported beyond seas for fourteen years."

a little, sketched a little, and danced to admiration. All these qualifications recommended him to the ladies. Then he fished a little; kept a brace of dogs, and shot a little; could play cricket, and skate a little. Moreover, he was ever ready to accept invitations. Breakfasts, dinners, with the gentlemen; picnics, or a pool of quadrille with the dowagers; all were equally agreeable to this clerical jewel. He was a "general favourite." All parties, "whose opinion was worth thinking about," as Mrs. Pendragon declared to Major Doubtfire, agreed *nem. con.* that "Mr. Jumps was a delightful little man—had the most winning ways —was quite an acquisition—a little idol!"

Notwithstanding Mrs. Pendragon's decisive averment, and the major's ready assent, there were some nonconformists to this alleged unanimity. There were some, in the higher classes, who looked back with regret to the warmth of heart, soundness of doctrine, and genuine piety, which ensured respect and admiration to their former ministers. And the poor justly complained that they never saw their clergyman, except at the public services, or when engaged in some

plan of amusement or pastime. From such a pastor the children of indigence and affliction could derive neither sympathy, relief, nor consolation. But then if he was not found in the sick chamber, or at the forlorn hamlet, he gave due attendance at the banquets of the wealthy and the assemblies of the gay; and "no man can serve two masters."

A wretched youth, worn out by disease and misery, the consequences of crime and debauchery, was brought home to Stanborough workhouse to die. His aged mother, an indigent, but industrious and pious woman, received the poor prodigal at the refuge of want and misery. She met him with fast flowing tears; but they were more than tears of sorrow, for thankfulness was mingled with her grief. Her much-loved child had been estranged from her for years; and she gratefully received him, though it were to fulfil the last sad office of closing his eyes in death. She nursed him with such care as a mother's affection knows so well to bestow: for, said she, "alien as he has been to me, he is my child still!" And cheerfully

did she diminish her own small pittance in order to alleviate his miseries, by procuring for him those little comforts which the parish allowance did not afford. But her main anxiety was, that he should be awakened to a sense of his danger, that the peril to which his eternal interests were exposed should be unveiled to him, and that his waning hours should be devoted to penitence and prayer. And at a time when disease appeared to be advancing with more rapid strides than ordinary, she was desirous of seeing her own efforts aided by the counsel and authority of the parish minister. She accordingly waited on Mr. Jumps, and told her errand; not without many interruptions, and many tears.

"My good woman, I am sorry that I cannot possibly come to see your son; but I am not at all equal to that sort of thing. It is far too much for my nerves, which are naturally very delicate. Besides, I am most particularly engaged this evening; in point of fact, it is utterly out of the question. I hope your son will be better, and *get over his gloomy thoughts!*"

The poor heart-broken mother was thus dismissed; and the servant of that Master who "came to seek and to save those that were lost," hastened to his *particular engagement* at the Star and Garter, as steward of the Stanborough ball.

When this heartless and flagrant breach of duty came to the ears of our friend Kettlewell, and the narrator was expressing his wonder at such conduct—"Wonder!" cried the brazier, "not a bit! Quite natural—stands to reason! Short name—too short by half, poor man! No heart, nor head. *What could be expected from a parson with such a name as James Jumps!*"

On this principle, the REV. HENRY BOSCAWEN MONTGOMERY, by whom his last child was baptized, was a prime favourite with the polysyllabic Caleb; at least Mr. Montgomery was quoted on all occasions as a living instance of the soundness of his theory. "Such a divine in the church! Such a pastor in the parish!" Caleb might well extol the new incumbent; he was felt to be a blessing throughout the parish. One of his first visits was paid not to Ravenscroft Park—not to Major Doubtfire's, nor to Paragon Place,

the seat of the rich widow, Mrs. Heavisides—but to that house where

> Children dwell who know no parents' care—
> Parents who know no children's love—
> Heart-broken matrons on the joyless bed—
> Forsaken wives and mothers never wed.

Among other objects of compassion, he found poor widow Millington at the bedside of her afflicted son, whose naturally hardy frame had not yet sunk under the slow, but unremitting attacks of a lingering disease. His inquiries as to the state of the sufferer, bodily as well as spiritual, were satisfactorily answered in reference to the former. Nothing that medical skill and attendance could effect for him was wanting. The care and watchfulness of his nurse were apparent. That which was so soon to become part and parcel of the clod of the valley, had been most carefully attended to; that which could never die required much instruction, direction, encouragement, and consolation.

It is no easy task to impress the mind of one who has grown up in utter heedlessness of the

truths of religion, whose heart is, as it were, a moral wilderness, and whose conscience is fraught with fearful recollections of the past.

But Mr. Montgomery's visits were unremitting; his patience unwearied; his doctrines sober and intelligible; his inquiries searching; and his experience, by the bedside of the dying, great. Nor was he without hope, after repeated interviews, that he had been the *instrument*—THE WORK BELONGED TO A FAR HIGHER POWER—of transforming the storm of remorse which swept over the sufferer's soul into the calm of resignation and hope, and of bringing back a strayed sheep to the fold of the great Shepherd.

I think it is Cecil who says, that the way for a minister to get into man's heart is first to go into his house. But whether this maxim be universally true or not, no parish priest can have observed the results of domiciliary visitations among the poor of the flock, without a full conviction of their beneficial effects. Mr. Montgomery adopted this as a most ready, as well as a most intelligible way of convincing his parishioners that their well-being, in the most extended mean-

ing of the term, was a matter of the deepest interest to himself. With his duties therefore to the poor he never permitted engagements with those of his own rank to interfere: not that he felt himself called upon to withdraw from the courtesies and amenities of polished society; but he inverted the common order, and bestowed his primary care and attention on the indigent.

The poor, he well argued, enjoy few of the delights of sympathy; but "the rich hath many friends."

Mr. Montgomery's character, his fame as a singularly close and *practical* preacher, and his views of clerical duties, had preceded him; and on his first coming to Stanborough, he was regarded with a cold and somewhat unfriendly eye by a few of the neighbouring clergy. But it soon became evident that the new minister of Stanborough was not one of those exclusionists who would confine the practice of piety in this world, and the promise of salvation in the next, to those whose views were of precisely the same cast with his own. While he assumed a higher tone than some of his brethren as to theological sentiments

and professional pursuits, he gave to their conscientious opinions the same measure of allowance which he claimed for his own.

"Let me," he observed on one occasion, "have the pleasure of co-operating with you in your benevolent undertaking. Why should we allow mere shades of difference to impede our object and excite distrust? Is this a time for cavils? When the blessings of an establishment are confessedly so great, and the obstacles she has to encounter so formidable, and her calumniators so vigilant, let us, as we prize her perpetuity, avoid DIVISIONS. If we cannot reconcile all opinions, at least let us unite all hearts."

Difficult as such a task is, he at least accomplished it; and when circumstances rendered his removal from Stanborough unavoidable, that removal was felt as a public loss. The farewell with which he closed his ministerial labours I had the advantage of hearing, having just come into the neighbourhood as his successor in the cure.

It was not the judicious and lucid review of the principles which should actuate every conscientious minister, nor the application of those principles to

his own pastoral duties which rivetted my attention and excited my respect and admiration, but the touching and powerful manner in which he made that farewell address an occasion of more earnestly endeavouring to win souls. It was as if he were engaged in a last and decisive conflict with the ghostly enemy for the flock which had been committed to his charge. The mute and breathless attention of his auditory bespoke the power which his sincere exhortations were exercising over every heart; and the apostolical and affectionate farewell with which he concluded his sermon—the expressions of sorrow and bereavement which were seen and heard throughout that crowded congregation as they slowly retired from the church—all bore the loudest testimony to the worth, excellence, and usefulness of their truly Christian pastor—all announced the disadvantages under which I should enter upon my important trust—all loudly and fearfully, would that I could say successfully, admonished me, "GO THOU AND DO LIKEWISE!"

ASHBOURNE.

"He was now in Dovedale, with whose beautiful varieties of wildness and cultivation, of tangled wood, of rock, and bursting cascade, many, perhaps, are acquainted.... He stood on the very edge of the water-fall. It fumed and foamed, and rattled hoarsely from rock to rock, and led him along with it to the bottom, where it suddenly quitted its tumultuous character, and, as if by magic, became a smooth, untroubled clear and glassy stream, watering a home view that was delicious. The miser all shrunk, the soldier all rugged, or the politician all dazzled in mind, even the hardened sinner, or thief on a predatory expedition, would have paused to behold it, and forgot himself awhile in the gentleness of the scene."

De Vere.

ASHBOURNE.

FAIR are thy meads, O ASHBOURNE; and majestic are the hills which embosom thee; and gentle is the hum of thy commerce; and cheerful are the faces which throng thy thoroughfares; and he must be indeed fastidious who would not willingly find within thee a resting-place from the storms of life! Amid the scenery which surrounds thee, what traveller would not wish to linger? Who would not wander the livelong summer day by the softly flowing waters of the silvery Dove—turn again and again to gaze on the features of that secluded dale,* now rendered classic ground

* Dovedale. Mrs. Marianna Stark, herself a traveller, and no slight authority in matters of this sort, has alluded to its many and

—for there has the high-minded De Vere placed his man of content:* alas! *where shall we find another?* But of THEE, what shall I say? Shall I praise thy *bells* or thy *belles;* the full, rich harmony of the one, or the far-famed beauty of the other? Shall I dwell on the enchantment of the scenery that surrounds thee, or the polished hospitality that glows within thee? Or shall I simply say that thou art a peaceful and a pleasant town, worthy the fair faces and warm hearts that are to be found within thee?

In good truth, Ashbourne is no indifferent halting-place for him who is in quest of health or of happiness—who is a lover of the picturesque or a lover of quiet. Matlock and Buxton are each within a morning's ride: to walk into Dovedale is barely the work of an hour: to go over Mr. Watts Russell's castle at Isleham, and to gaze

singular beauties, and compares it to some valley in Switzerland; the name of which I forget, but to which she asserts it bears "*a most striking and almost complete resemblance.*" The passage is to be found in an early edition of "Hints to Travellers on the Continent."

* Vol. iii. chap. 7.

upon the splendid piece of sculpture by Chantrey in the little village church hard by, occupies rather more than another. On a different, but by no means unpicturesque road, about a mile and half from Ashbourne, lies Oakover Hall, which no tourist of *taste*—and who will own that he has *none?*—will omit to visit; were it only to feast his eyes on the matchless Raphael which adorns its walls, and listen to the tradition that Catherine of Russia so ardently coveted its possession, that the owner was requested to name his own price: and deeply was the despot irritated at a reply which she declared *she neither could nor would comprehend*, that "no sum, however large, could purchase it: it was an heir-loom."

Nor is the loveliness of its neighbourhood all. Ashbourne has attractions of its own. The approach to it by the London road is in no common degree striking. About the tenth milestone from Derby, you turn the top of the hill, and the town bursts unexpectedly on the view. The eye ranges over wood and water; a foreground dotted with cheerful cottages and well-stocked gardens; and the dark blue Derbyshire hills stretching far away

in the distance. Beneath you is the town with the houses and gardens ranged up on each side of a gentle declivity, sufficiently elevated to give effect to the prospect, without losing the advantage of a most perfect shelter. Farther onward, and but dimly discerned, rises the massy gray tower of the venerable church which stands, at a little distance from the town, in the centre of a sward, green as an emerald and smooth as a bowling-ground.

In this church there is a remarkable monument by Banks to the memory of a very lovely and intelligent little girl, a baronet's only child. It bears an inscription which, to use the mildest term, as it contains not the slightest reference to Christian hopes, should have been refused admittance within a Christian church. To the sentiments it breathes, Paine himself, had he been alive, could have raised no objection. It runs thus:—

"I was not in safety, neither had I rest, and the trouble came."

TO PENELOPE,

Only child of Sir Brooke Boothby and Dame Susannah Boothby,

Born April 11, 1785, died March 13, 1791.

She was in form and intellect most exquisite. The unfortunate parents ventured their all on this frail bark, and the wreck was total.

Omnia tecum una perierunt gaudia nostra.
Tu vero felix
Et beata
Penelope mea,
Quæ tot
Tantisque miseriis
Una morte perfuncta es.

Beauté, c'est donc ici ton dernier asyle!
Son cercueil
Ne la contient pas
Tout entière;
Il attend le reste de sa proie:
—Il ne l'attendra pas
Long-temps.

Lei che 'l ciel ne mostra terra n'asconde.
Le crespe chiome d'or puro lucente,
E 'l lampeggiar dell' angelico riso,
Che solean far in Terra un Paradiso,
Poca polvere son che nulla sente.

The figure, which is recumbent, is that of a little girl; the attitude exquisitely natural and graceful. It recalls most forcibly to the recollection Chan-

trey's far-famed monument in Lichfield Cathedral; for the resemblance, both in design and execution, between these beautiful specimens of art, is close and striking. I was assured that, previous to his executing that most magnificent yet most touching piece of sculpture, which alone would have sufficed to immortalise his name, Chantrey was at his own request locked up alone in the church for two hours. This fact may be apocryphal; at least I cannot vouch for it. But the following I do affirm most confidently. When I hinted to the venerable matron who shows the monument, and who, being a retainer of the Boothby family, feels their honour identified with her own, that Chantrey's was by far the finer effort of the two, and that I wished I had that yet to see; and my companion added, that though the design of the Boothby monument was good, the execution was coarse and clumsy in the extreme, compared with the elaborate finish of the Robinson's:—"Humph," said the old lady, with a most vinegar expression of countenance, with a degree of angry hauteur—an air of insulted dignity that Yates would have travelled fifty miles to witness—"the like of that's what I

now hear every day! Hang that fellow Chantee, or Cantee, or what you call him, I wish he had never been born!"

The Ashbourne people are naturally proud of the monument: with them it is a kind of idol to which every stranger is required to do homage. Among others, when Prince Leopold passed through Ashbourne, and inquiries were made by some of His Royal Highness's suite as to the "lions" of the neighbourhood:—

"We have one of our own, sir," was the ready reply—"a noble piece of sculpture in the church." To the church the royal mourner was on the very point of repairing, when Sir Robert Gardiner suddenly inquired the description to which the sculpture in question belonged.

"It is a monument, sir—no one passes through without seeing it, for its like is not to be met with in England—it is a monument to an only child, whose mother died——"

"Not now," said the prince faintly, "not now. I too have lost—;" and he turned away from the carriage in tears.

Nor in speaking of Ashbourne, as connected with art must mention be omitted of a portrait of

Dr. Johnson, in the possession of a gentleman no less distinguished for the ability and impartiality with which he discharges the functions of a county magistrate, than for his private worth and excellence as a man. No cursory visit will do this noble picture justice. To be appreciated, it must be minutely examined and thoroughly studied. The colouring is fine and fleshy to a degree; and the expression of countenance milder and more pleasing than any print or portrait of our great moralist that I am acquainted with. It has been pronounced by the Rev. Holwell Carr—himself no puny collector, and no mean authority in matters relating to the arts—to be the finest portrait of the great lexicographer extant.

It may be observed too, by the way, that to Ashbourne the late Mr. Canning was remarkably partial. Near it lived a female relative to whom he was warmly attached, and under whose roof many of his happiest hours were spent. It is stated that a little poem, entitled "A Spring Morning in Dovedale," one of the earliest efforts of his muse, is still in existence; and I have good reasons for knowing that but a very few weeks

previous to his death he stated, in conversation, what delight he should feel in "going into that neighbourhood, and revisiting haunts which to him had been scenes of almost unalloyed enjoyment."

I could scarcely believe, so exquisitely tranquil is the scene—the very murmur of the stream which flows around seems to soften itself in unison with the stillness of the landscape—that Ashbourne had ever been other than the abode of rural peace and comfort; and yet I was assured that during the war there was scarcely any limit to the bustle and gaiety which pervaded it.

It was the station fixed on by government as the residence of many French prisoners of rank and fortune, who were allowed to be at liberty on their parole; and a spot is yet pointed out, on the Wirksworth road, where the foot-path winds round a hill thickly planted with firs, as the favourite, and indeed daily resort of those unfortunate captives. "We like much to wander here; it reminds us so strongly of *la belle France*, and the road to St. Cloud."

Of one of them, General Rochambaud, they tell

the following anecdote. It is well known that prisoners on their parole were restricted to a certain space, one mile or more, round the town which they inhabited. This distance if they exceeded, and the Transport Board were apprised of it, very disagreeable consequences awaited the offender, while the reward of a guinea was given to the informer. It was, however, considered an invidious office, and a measure, comparatively speaking, rarely resorted to. It so happened that the general, on one occasion, unwittingly exceeded the prescribed boundary, and strayed into the grounds of a wealthy manufacturer:—"A gentleman," as the general observed when telling the story, "I give him that title as a matter of courtesy—in a singular predicament. Between the weight of his purse and the strength of his intellect there is the greatest difference imaginable."

The Frenchman, whose habits and manners were those of the most polished breeding, when aware of his error, offered such an apology as one gentleman can make and another receive; but in vain. He entirely failed in mollifying the rich man's resentment. Mr. ——, the following

morning, wrote a letter couched in harsh, and, considering the general's situation, unfeeling language; in which, after reminding him of his captivity, and his equivocal and dependant situation in this country, he concluded by adverting to the trespass committed on his grounds, and declaring that he "had still a very great mind to apprise the Transport Board of the circumstance."

To this General Rochambaud replied, he was at perfect liberty to do so if he pleased: he neither deprecated his intention nor dreaded its consequences; but as, after the apology given, Mr. —— could have but *one motive* for addressing the Board, he begged in the interim, "*as it might be a matter of convenience to him, to enclose the reward—one guinea.*"

This reply drove Mr. —— nearly frantic. He was a bilious, nervous, irritable man; fond of good eating, and always over-tasking his powers; and the general's sarcasm completely spoiled his dinner that day, and deranged his digestion for a fortnight afterwards.

"Where may the general be now?" said I to my rubicund informant. "He was renowned through

Ashbourne as a 'DRY *joker*.'"—"*Now?* Oh, *now?* Humph! Why that's more than I can tell;" his features sobering down the while into a look of the most portentous gravity. "The general was a warrior. He fell, sir, in the battle of Leipsic. He sleeps—yes, he sleeps on the bed of honour—poor, unfortunate gentleman!" These last words formed such a comical kind of climax, that I looked at my companion expecting a smile. Nothing of the sort. He looked grave as Lord Norbury when passing sentence of death.—"I respect the character of a hero much. It has been well said, 'A tomb is his on every page; an epitaph on every tongue.' Nevertheless, I look upon it as no small mercy to be allowed to die in one's own bed."

Yet I must frankly confess, that of all the associations connected with Ashbourne, those to me were the most interesting which had reference to Mr. Moore. For some years this distinguished poet lived at the neighbouring village of Mayfield; and there was no end to the pleasantries and anecdotes that were floating about its coteries respecting him; no limit to the recollections which

existed of the peculiarities of the poet, of the wit and drollery of the man. Go where you would, his literary relics were pointed out to you. One family possessed pens—and oh! Mr. Bramah! such pens! they would have borne a comparison with Miss Mitford's; and those who are acquainted with that lady's literary implements and accessories will admit this is no common-place praise—pens that wrote "Paradise and the Peri" in Lalla Rookh! Another showed you a glove torn up into thin shreds in the most even and regular manner possible; each shred being in breadth about the eighth of an inch, and the work of the *teeth!* Pairs were demolished in this way during the progress of the "Life of Sheridan." A third called your attention to a note written in a strain of the most playful banter, and announcing the next "tragi-comedy meeting." A fourth repeated a merry impromptu; and a fifth played a very pathetic air, composed and adapted for some beautiful lines of Mrs. Opie's.

But to return to Mayfield. Our desire to go over the cottage which he had inhabited was irresistible. It is neat, but very small; and remarkable for nothing except combining a most sheltered

situation with the most extensive prospect. Still one had pleasure in going over it, and peeping into the little book-room, yclept the "Poet's Den;" from which so much true poetry had issued to delight and amuse mankind. But our satisfaction was not without its portion of alloy. As we approached the cottage, a figure scarcely human appeared at one of the windows. Unaware that it was again inhabited, we hesitated about entering; when a livid, half-starved visage presented itself through the lattice, and a thin, shrill voice discordantly ejaculated—"Come in, gentlemen, come in. *Don't be afeard!* I'm only a tailor at work on the premises."

This villanous salutation damped sadly the illusion of the scene; and it was some time before we rallied sufficiently from this horrible desecration to descend to the poet's walk in the shrubbery, where, pacing up and down the live-long morning, he composed his Lalla Rookh. It is a little confined gravel-walk, in length about twenty paces; so narrow, that there is barely room on it for two persons to walk abreast: bounded on one side by a straggling row of stinted laurels; on the other by some

old decayed wooden-paling; at the end of it was a huge haystack. Here, without prospect, space, fields, flowers, or natural beauties of any description, was that most imaginative poem conceived, planned, and executed. It was at Mayfield, too, that those bitter stanzas were written on the death of Sheridan. There is a curious circumstance connected with them: they were sent to Perry, the well-known editor of the Morning Chronicle. Perry, though no stickler in a general way, was staggered at the venom of two stanzas, to which I need not more particularly allude, and wrote to inquire whether he might be permitted to omit them. The reply which he received was shortly this: "You may insert the lines in the Chronicle or not, as you please: I am perfectly indifferent about it: but if you *do* insert them, it must be *verbatim*." Mr. Moore's fame would not have suffered by their suppression: his heart would have been a gainer. Some of his happiest efforts are connected with the localities of Ashbourne. The beautiful lines, beginning

"Those evening bells, those evening bells,'

were suggested, it is said, by hearing the Ash-

bourne peal; and sweetly, indeed, do they sound at that distance, "both mournfully and slow:" while those exquisitely touching stanzas,

> "Weep not for those whom the veil of the tomb
> In life's happy morning hath hid from our eyes,"

were avowedly written on the sister of an Ashbourne gentleman, Mr. P— B—.

But to his drolleries. He avowed on all occasions an utter horror of ugly women. He was heard, one evening, to observe to a lady, whose person was pre-eminently plain, but who, nevertheless, had been anxiously doing her little endeavours to attract his attention, "I cannot endure an ugly woman. I'm sure I could never live with one. A man that marries an ugly woman cannot be happy."

The lady observed, that "such an observation she could not permit to pass without remark. She knew many plain couples who lived most happily."

"Don't talk of it," said the wit, "don't talk of it. It cannot be."

"But I tell you," said the lady, who became

all at once both piqued and positive, "it can be, and it is. I will name individuals so circumstanced. You have heard of Colonel and Mrs. ——. She speaks in a deep, gruff bass voice; he in a thin, shrill treble. She looks like a John Dorec; he like a dried alligator. They are called Bubble and Squeak by some of their neighbours; Venus and Adonis by others. But what of that? They are not handsome, to be sure; and there is neither mirror nor pier-glass to be found, search their house from one end of it to the other. But what of that? No *unhandsome reflections* can, in such a case, be cast by either party! I know them well; and a more harmonious couple I never met with. Now, Mr. Moore, in reply, what have you to urge? I flatter myself I have overthrown your theory completely."

"Not a whit. Colonel —— has got into a scrape, and like a soldier puts the best face he can upon it."

Those still exist who were witnesses to his exultation, when one morning he entered Mrs. ——'s drawing-room with an open letter in his

hand, and in his peculiarly joyous and animated manner exclaimed—

"Don't be surprised if I play all sorts of antics! I am like a child with a new rattle! Here is a letter from my friend Lord Byron, telling me he has dedicated to me his poem of the Corsair. Ah, Mrs. ——, it is nothing new for a poor poet to dedicate his poem to a great lord; but is something passing strange for a great lord to dedicate his book to a poor poet."

Those who know him most intimately feel no sort of hesitation in declaring, that he has again and again been heard to express regret at the earlier efforts of his muse; or reluctance in stating, at the same time as a fact, that Mr. M. on two different occasions endeavoured to repurchase the copyright of certain poems; but, in each instance, the sum demanded was so exorbitant, as of itself to put an end to the negotiation.

The attempt, however, does him honour. And, affectionate father as he is well known to be, when he looks at his beautiful little daughter, and those fears, and hopes, and cares, and anxieties, come

over him which almost choke a parent's utterance as he gazes on a promising and idolised child, he will own the censures passed on those poems to be just: nay more—every year will find him more and more sensible of the paramount importance of the union of female purity with female loveliness—more alive to the imperative duty, on a father's part, to guard the maiden bosom from the slightest taint of licentiousness.

It is a fact not generally suspected, though his last work, "The Epicurean," affords strong internal evidence of the truth of the observation, that few are more thoroughly conversant with Scripture than himself. Many of Alethe's most beautiful remarks are simple paraphrases of the sacred volume. He has been heard to quote from it with the happiest effect—to say there was no book like it—no book, regarding it as a mere human composition, which could on any subject even "approach it in poetry, beauty, pathos, and sublimity."

Long may these sentiments abide with him! And as no man, to use his *own* words, "ever had fiercer enemies or firmer friends"—as no man, to

use those of others, was ever more bitter and sarcastic as a political enemy, more affectionate and devoted as a private friend, the more deeply his future writings are impregnated with the spirit of that volume, the more heartfelt, let him be well assured, will be his gratification in that hour when "we shall think of those we love only to regret that we have not loved more dearly, when we shall remember our enemies only to forgive them."

DR. HAWKER.

A SKETCH.

"I would not undervalue the opinion of adepts in literature on religious points; but a man's faith, if it be a faith worth having, is not a point of taste, nor of mere intellect; but it is associated with thoughts, feelings, and habits, infinitely beyond the jurisdiction of literary legislation."

ANON.

DR. HAWKER.

A SKETCH.

It is a fact pretty generally understood, and satisfactorily established, among the members of that ancient and erudite body, the University of Cambridge, that the road through the metropolis is the best and shortest to any given part or place in the kingdom. Under the influence of this persuasion, it was my fortune to pass through "Babylon the Great," at the close of the long vacation, though my direct road to the south lay in a totally different direction. I have never learnt that this singular circumstance has been made the subject of one of the senate-house problems; but if it had been demonstrated in the most accurate manner upon received mathematical data, it could

not be more generally admitted by the large body of under-graduates.

How I came to be involved in that hurly-burly tide of population, which incessantly roars and flows through the channels of Cheapside and Ludgate Hill, I do not now remember; but in my endeavour to escape from it, I chanced upon a church, whose broken windows, dismantled railings, and generally forlorn appearance gave it the semblance of some obnoxious building, against which had been directed the blind and unsparing fury of a London mob. On inquiry, I found that a multitudinous assemblage there had been; but collected for a very different purpose. An immense concourse had come together on the preceding Sunday to hear the far-famed Dr. Hawker of Plymouth; and St. Magnus had suffered considerably from the ardour and intrepidity of the doctor's admirers.

I had been hesitating between Devonshire and the Isle of Wight, as the scene of my vacation rambles. The dilapidated church before me turned the scale. I determined on accepting the pressing invitations of some friends, "whom I

wear in my heart's core," to spend the summer vacation in the neighbourhood of Plymouth. Pulpit eloquence and pulpit abilities were always with me a subject of curiosity, research, and attention.

I had travelled eighty miles to Leicester for the express purpose of hearing Robert Hall—had been nearly squeezed to death in my determination to judge of Chalmers—had almost fought my way into Irving's Calodonian Chapel—had marvelled at the facetiæ of the venerable Rowland Hill, and laughed outright at the bon-mots of Sidney Smith—had heard the learned and exemplary Bishop Marsh, Benson the persuasive, and Simeon the powerful yet peculiar, at Cambridge; Copleston, Heber, and Blanco White, at Oxford; but among these and many other men of renown, I had never yet heard Dr. Hawker. He had returned to Plymouth: there I resolved to follow him. "The man," I argued, "who could get all the windows in a church broken by the eager zeal of his admirers must be an extraordinary preacher."

An extraordinary preacher he must be to at-

tract crowded congregations in London. Extraordinary he must be; but this character he may attain without extraordinary piety, or learning, or talents. He may, it is true, possess all three; but eccentricity and oddity frequently have a larger share in obtaining popularity, if that be the preacher's aim, than either of the former. Of this, Irving is a striking instance, without the pale of the establishment; Rowland Hill, and Vaughan of Leicester, within it.

On my arrival at Plymouth, with the dilapidated church of St. Magnus still present to my mind's eye, I took the earliest opportunity of repairing to CHARLES, the parish of which Dr. Hawker was vicar, with some prepossessions certainly, but with a determination to adhere to the motto,

"Blame where you must; be candid where you can."

The morning's service had not commenced, when I found a seat in the strangers' pew. The congregation at that time was by no means numerous; but continued gradually to increase during the whole period occupied by the curate in the service of the desk. Who has not deplored the prevalence of

this indecorous practice? In too many churches it may be remarked: in none was it more offensively exhibited than in this.

I behold without surprise the ignorant, the careless, and the vicious, sauntering into the temple of God, after some of the most impressive and most important portions of the Liturgy are concluded; but I look on with astonishment, and almost think I "do well to be angry," when those who profess full belief in the Articles of the Church, and strict conformity to her rites and ceremonies, are found amongst the practical scoffers at her venerable institutions. As a man of acknowledged piety, Dr. Hawker would doubtless have denounced, in precept and in principle, this insult offered to the "Master of assemblies," in the place where his honour dwelleth: but the practice of worship in his church was but ill calculated to do credit to his theory.

It was evident, evident at first sight to the most superficial observer, that the congregation at Charles held the Litany to be a very unimportant part of the service. They proved this either by their total absence from that portion of the morn-

ing's duties, or by their listless, uninterested, abstracted appearance during its continuance.*

A very large proportion of the doctor's parishioners absented themselves from his church. Some disliked the irreverent, if not indecent manner in which the service was conducted: others had a rooted aversion to the doctrines there advocated. The neighbouring church received them, together with the higher classes and the mayor and corporation. The doctor's congregation consisted, therefore, for the most part, of the admirers of his peculiar tenets. Many of them were dissenters in principle, and to them the Liturgy was either objectionable or valueless; being rather regarded as a form with which circumstances rendered compliance necessary, preparatory to the sermon, which was the sole object of their attendance.

This was evident from the change that might be observed in the general demeanour of the *audience* from the moment Dr. Hawker entered the pulpit. *The real business of the day*, the actual

* These circumstances, which struck me forcibly on my first visit, were subsequently strengthened by the observations I had opportunities of making on other occasions.

worship of the congregation, seemed to commence with the long, earnest, extempore, and extraordinary prayer with which the preacher opened his part of the service. Extraordinary indeed it did appear to my uninitiated ears; for although I am not one of those who regard it as a piece of heterodoxy to adopt any other than the more usual introductory prayer, still a supplicatory address of such length and excursiveness as the doctor's did appear to convey a tacit reflection upon all the petitions that had preceded it: it seemed to declare, "What has hitherto been done is a *mere professing* to offer up prayers; NOW, we are actually praying."

But if the extreme length of this address appeared extraordinary, the language in which it was couched was much more so. It was not the supplication of a frail and guilty being, in which others, subject to the same penalties as himself, might be expected to join; it was rather an address to an equal. The terms employed were most familiar. One of the demands—there were others equally unseemly, and the strain throughout was that of demand rather than of entreaty—

was, "that the Saviour would send some love-tokens to his church and people then present."

After this profane address to the Deity, which occupied about twenty minutes, the sermon commenced. But before the preacher adverted, in the most remote manner, to the particular subject of that day's discourse, he entered upon another address—on the privileges of those whom he addressed as "the elect and little flock of Immanuel." This address was introductory to the sermon, though no immediate connexion appeared to exist, and at length glided into it. The whole discourse occupied about an hour and a half. This, I understood, was the usual length of the doctor's harangues, as they might with the most perfect propriety be designated.

At the evening lecture, I found that the service was conducted very differently from the usual order of evening prayer. A hymn, from a selection arranged by Dr. Hawker, was sung at the opening: then, with the omission of the Absolution, followed the Liturgy as far as the Psalms; which were *never* those appointed for the day, but *selected* by the doctor. On one of the longer

Psalms, such as the sixty-eighth, seventy-eighth, eighty-ninth, and the hundred and seventh, his choice generally fell; but the two last were his favourites, and recurred the most frequently. No one who has read these sublime compositions, in the spirit of poetry and the spirit of piety, but must be sensible of their numerous beauties; and no one who ever heard Dr. Hawker read them could doubt that he was influenced by both: his whole soul was in their strains: his whole powers were employed in giving them utterance. The manner in which he gave effect to some magnificent and favourite passages was a thing not to be heard and forgotten. That manner was his own —original, and, in some respects, inimitable.

It was observable, that both the preacher and auditory seemed more at home at the evening lecture than in the former part of the day. The service was arranged in exact accordance to their wishes. There was more of elation, and less of supplication: there was less argument, and more flights of fancy. After the Psalm, a second hymn was sung; and then followed the doctor's lecture. *He, on this occasion, never left the reading-desk,*

nor changed the surplice for the gown! His evening effort was a kind of running commentary upon a whole chapter; and, taken as a whole, was less marked by rhapsody than his morning sermon: at least, his besetting and manifest faults—want of connexion and method—were not so prominent.

Something of this might be, perhaps, attributable to the redundance and rapidity of his ideas; to which his volubility of utterance, great as it was, appeared to be altogether unequal. Yet this very want of connexion, which certainly seemed to be beyond measure fatiguing and embarrassing to an attentive auditor, was in itself no mean criterion of Dr. Hawker's powers of fixing the attention of a congregation like that of Charles! By them his orations were received not as human statements, but oracular declarations; were regarded not as the premeditated effusions of a man of like passions with themselves, but as expositions of sacred truth immediately inspired from above!

The extreme rapidity of his delivery was scarcely less remarkable than the readiness of his quotations from Scripture. With these his discourses

were profusely interspersed; generally with much felicity in support of his own tenets, but not unfrequently inappropriate, irrelevant, and far-fetched. To take the Scriptures in their plain and literal meaning, he had the most undisguised abhorrence.* Whenever he thought it necessary to refer his auditory to the chapter and verse, as he was continually in the habit of doing, his wonted fluency suffered no diminution. While seeking to recollect passages, which were usually cited with equal promptitude and accuracy, he ran on, clearly, calmly, and uninterruptedly: nothing broke the flow of his sentences. Mr. Parsons, of York, fluent and voluble as he is, is but a faint and feeble imitation of him.†

In referring to the style and manner of preaching

* His favourite chapter was the first of the Epistle to the Ephesians. This he uniformly spoke of as particularly clear on the doctrines which he made the prominent subject of all his discourses.

† Mr. P. is certainly the most extraordinary performer of his day. When I heard him (at the close of his sermon), my next neighbour, an honest Yorkshireman, jogged my elbow, and said inquiringly—"Sir, that's no mán. It cannot be a man. Its some *elderly gentlewoman* that has borrowed a gown, and steppe l up there just to surprise us all!"

practised by the "HAWKER SCHOOL,"* it will instantly be observed how much it is adapted to catch the ear of all those classes whose feelings predominate over their judgment. Nor was the style less agreeable than the manner to many of his hearers. There was a sort of primitive plainness, comporting well with Dr. Hawker's venerable appearance and known character, which could never be otherwise than impressive, if chastened and moderate; but when pushed to such extremes as to approach the confines of the ludicrous, must, in every serious mind, excite disgust. The anecdotes which have been told of his pulpit phraseology partake largely of the eccentric, and would excite risibility, did not the sacredness of the scene condemn it. I should gather from his public life, as well as from what has come to my knowledge of

* Dr. Hawker has the honour of a large class of imitators, both within and without the pale of the Church. One of these "profane babblers" lately offered a public thanksgiving to the Almighty for three things: the first of which was, that "THE ELECT WERE FEW, AND THAT CONSEQUENTLY THE LOST WERE MANY." His other two subjects of thankfulness were of a similarly *charitable* cast.

his private character, that Dr. Hawker himself was keenly susceptible of the humorous. In society he was lively, cheerful, and even facetious; but however agreeable it may be to observe becoming mirthfulness, joined with unquestioned piety, the decorum of the pulpit, the sacredness of the sanctuary, the dignity of the ministerial office, should operate as so many mementoes against indulging in what may even border on buffoonery and the burlesque. Those who have heard "*the light of the west*" will remember a frequently recurring phrase in his sermons.

In condemning pharisaical reliance on good works as the meritorious cause of salvation—"SIRS," he would cry, "THE HEART MUST BE CLEARED OF ALL ITS TRUMPERY; EVERY THING MUST BE TURNED OUT OF DOORS; NOT SO MUCH AS A JOINT-STOOL LEFT; THAT IT MAY BE A FIT DWELLING FOR THE LORD."

I have also heard him quote the parable of the vainglorious pharisee, and finish the narrative with—"HERE'S A FELLOW FOR YE! THOUGHT HEAVEN, FORSOOTH, HIS OWN!"

When he had occasion to notice the deities of

ancient mythology, he would launch out into a violent tirade, and denounce the whole Pantheon *

* The invectives against the gods of Athens and Rome must appear puerile, if not absurd; the religion of the Pantheon having so long been obsolete. But although such vituperation of ancient Paganism, otherwise than in the way of historical illustration, can scarcely be regarded in any other light than that of absurdity, what shall we say of the opposite feeling which would seem fain to recall the monstrosities of Heathenism as a creed of hope and consolation? I make due allowance for the strains of fiction; venerating as I do the poet's honoured name, none would be more ready than myself to acknowledge the indefeasible rights of the bard—the prerogative, the *æqua potestas quidlibet audendi*, which poets have claimed, and moreover, had conceded to them, any time these three thousand years. But after all these considerations, can the reader, who truly values scriptural religion, encounter, with any thing but surprise and sorrow, such a passage as the following, so solemnly introduced, and that in the works of one whose pretensions are by no means small to the character of a philosopher, a moral, and a Christian poet?

——— "Great God, I'd rather be
A pagan suckled in a creed outworn,
So might I, standing on this pleasant lea,
Have glimpses that might make me less forlorn,
Have sight of Proteus coming from the sea,
Or hear old Triton blow his wreathed horn!"

WORDSWORTH.

as "*dunghill gods.*" These are a few of his extraordinary phrases; more might easily be added, but, *ex pede Herculem!* Strange, that any educated preacher should deem it necessary that the sublime truths of Christianity, to be rendered plain for plain understandings, should be conveyed in nauseous language! Strange, that vulgarity of diction should be considered as necessarily allied to spirituality of doctrine! Stranger still, that such language should be found in close connexion with passages of the loftiest feeling and purest eloquence!

But whilst he condescended to such low and petty conceits, from the influence of a mind naturally imaginative, he would, on the other hand, employ such tropes and metaphors, and mount up into such a mysterious region of speech, as to leave his most attentive auditors at a hopeless distance. They would be alike unable to follow his lofty flights, and to track his obscene and mysterious wanderings.

Such was Dr. Hawker's style of pulpit oratory. His tenets were scarcely less characteristic and peculiar than his manner and style. I know not

in what designation he or his followers would delight, whether it would please them most to be described as Antinomians, High Calvinists, or Supra-lapsarians; but under whatever denomination they rank themselves, their opinions, according to their own acknowledgment, "ARE VERY HIGH INDEED." The doctor would frequently announce from the pulpit that he was sent only to address "*the little flock*," the church of Christ. This declaration was made either in as many words, or in the very same spirit in every one of his discourses.* But I could scarcely believe that I heard him aright, when he, one evening, declared that he would not "cross the threshold of his door to convert the whole world!" What, I asked myself, has then become of that Catholic commission of the Christian ambassador, delivered by his triumphant Lord, and given as his latest charge to his faithful disciples, that

* Parr, in a very different spirit, made a somewhat analogous observation. Dr. Farmer once hazarded a remark in his hearing on the very elaborate style and recondite language of his discourses. "*Sir*," said Dr. Parr fiercely, "*I don't pretend to preach to women and children!*"

most delightful portion of all his momentous credentials, "Go ye into ALL THE WORLD, and preach the gospel to EVERY CREATURE?" Is the example of St. Paul to be utterly forgotten, who "became all things to all men, that he might save some?"

Few men, perhaps, if any, were ever more intimately acquainted with the Scriptures than Dr. Hawker. His biblical attainments in many respects were confessedly great; but no acquaintance with Scripture, however intimate, no knowledge of the original tongues, however familiar, can warrant the glosses which have been put upon the plain language of the Bible by interpreters, who come to the weighty task with prepossessions which neutralise all the power and utility of their other qualifications, how great soever they may be.

It is far more easy for a minister to soothe his hearers into a false security, to bewilder them among intricate disquisitions, to amuse them with novel and uncommon doctrines; and it is far more agreeable to the auditory to be amused, to be soothed, nay even to be puzzled, than it is to be humbled, to be instructed, to be reformed. To the

unthinking and the ignorant, that is, to the great mass of hearers, such addresses as Dr. Hawker's cannot fail to be acceptable; since, instead of being taught to hold crime in abhorrence, and to watch and ward against his commission, they are instructed to consider the condition of a sinner as the most advantageous in a spiritual point of view. Nothing can be more palatable! The greater the sinner, the greater the saint. No wonder then that many "*of the fold*" hold themselves altogether exempt from the demands of that law which revelation came "not to destroy, but to fulfil!"

It may be urged, indeed, that neither Dr. Hawker nor any other minister can be responsible for the construction that may be put upon his statements. Granted. Yet that minister surely is culpable, and must also be responsible to the *most awful of all tribunals*, if through his want of plainness of speech the grace of God is perverted, and made a cause for continuance in sin.

In the spirit which would forbid him to cross his threshold, although thereby he could convert the whole world, Dr. Hawker withdrew his support and sanction from the Bible Society. One of

his objections was unassailable. He deprecated the eagerness, the avidity evinced by the conductors of that society to obtain persons of title and rank as their patrons and presidents. He regarded it, and justly, as hypocritical in the extreme, when men whose laxity of conduct and disregard for real religion were matters of public notoriety, were solicited to preside over what were properly designated—spiritual societies. If persons of this description feel disposed to aid such institutions, let that aid be afforded without solicitation; at least without any thing more than public and general solicitation. But when such solicitations are made as lead to exhibitions so inconsistent and so offensive, as the same nobleman presiding in the morning at a Bible meeting, in the afternoon at a cockpit; eulogising on the platform one evening the efforts made to evangelise the heathen, patronising the benefit of a histrionic courtesan the next; in the morning at Freemason's Hall, at night at Crockford's; "Sirs," said the doctor, "it is an abomination; and shall be preached down, and put down!"*

* The instance to which Dr. Hawker was understood more parti-

The comfort and establishment of the elect seems to have been the sole reason of Dr. Hawker's continuing his ministerial functions: but for this, having professedly no message of admonition, of invitation, or of denunciation to deliver to sinners, to be consistent, the Antinomian minister must abandon his pulpit, lay aside his pen, and close his commission.

cularly to allude, was that of Lord Orford, who was solicited to become President of the Norwich Bible Society, and replied thus:

"Sir,

"I am surprised and annoyed by the contents of your letter: surprised, because my well-known character should have exempted me from such an application; and annoyed, because it obliges me to have even this communication with *you*. I have long been addicted to the gaming-table—I have lately taken to the turf—I fear I frequently blaspheme; but I have never distributed religious tracts. ALL THIS WAS WELL KNOWN TO YOU AND YOUR SOCIETY. Notwithstanding which you think me a fit person for your president!!! God forgive your hypocrisy! I would rather live in the land of sinners than with such saints.

"I am, &c. &c.

"ORFORD."

It is but justice to the Bible Society to state, that this poignant and merited rebuke has had a salutary effect.

While, however, reason as well as experience compel me to believe that all such preaching *must* have a pernicious effect, truth and justice demand the declaration, and it is a satisfaction to be enabled to make it, that the sermons preached *out of the pulpit* by Dr. Hawker, in his life and conduct, were in no slight degree calculated to correct the tendency of the discourses delivered within the walls of Charles. His character as a minister was eminently distinguished for piety and purity. It was unimpeachable by his bitterest foes; and of these he had many. To his last hour* he was the active, zealous, and liberal supporter of numerous charitable institutions for the benefit of the poor of his parish. There was a collection at regular intervals, during the winter, throughout the church, the proceeds of which were expended in coals; and I well remember observing in a subscription-list for the poor, (during a winter of unusual severity in the mild climate of Plymouth,) the contributions of himself and his family, amounting to nearly one

* Dr. Hawker died in 1827, at an advanced age.

hundred and fifty pounds. The poor of his parish were his intimate friends; and he was beloved by his large congregation as a venerated father. He was originally destined for the medical profession, and served in the royal marines as a surgeon. He was then remarkable for vivacity of disposition and fertility of imagination. In conjunction with a youthful companion, he commenced his career of authorship in the dramatic department; but their joint labours carried them no farther than the first act of a play, when the prudent thought struck them to have it printed before they proceeded, and "*see what kind of figure it would cut.*" The result of this experiment is said to have proved fatal to this effusion of the united authors; though the doctor appears to have retained a portion of his former dramatic propensities to a late period of his life. He would meet a friend in the street with—"I can't say, sir, with Macbeth,

'Of all men else, I have avoided thee!'

for I have been hoping to meet you this last fortnight;" with many other Shakspearean quotations in the same style.*

* It was, perhaps, owing to a knowledge of this circumstance

His social and domestic virtues were exemplary. As a husband and father he was most affectionate and indulgent. The following anecdote is told of him in his parental character. Mr. John Hawker, his eldest son, when he first held the curacy of Stoke Damarell, near Plymouth, was "believed by his father to be in an unconverted state," and therefore considered by him as incapable of producing intelligible sermons. The doctor accordingly wrote his discourses, and would suffer him to preach no other until he was capable of adopting the same strain of doctrine; in which he, subsequently, became so successful, that many preferred his ministry to that of Dr. Hawker himself.

that a wag, during the week Mrs. Jordan played at Plymouth, put down the doctor's name in the box-book as occupier of three rows of seats for the performance of "As You Like It;" Mrs. Jordan playing Rosalind! Nor can words do justice to the archness of the scene, when a lady cognisant of the fact accosted the doctor in the street, and with a most profound obeisance and look of the complete conviction, congratulated him "*on the* RECOVERY OF HIS FORMER PREDILECTIONS, *and coming forward once more with his family to support the legitimate drama!*"

It is objected, with too much justice against many clergymen, that they preach better than they do—that their practice falls lamentably short of their precepts. Dr. Hawker, whose discourses uniformly decried the performance of good works, and that without the smallest limitation or explanation, offered a striking example of the reverse. His practice went beyond his avowed doctrines.

It was said of Henry the Eighth, in the quaint phrase of the age, that with all his opposition to the pretensions and encroachments of the pope, "he had a pope in his paunch." Of Dr. Hawker it might be said, with much truth, amidst all his unwillingness to pay homage to episcopal authority—and his repugnance to the interference of a diocesan is pretty notorious—he carried much of the bishop under his cassock. Looked up to with so much deference as he was, by a large body of religionists throughout the kingdom, it is not to be wondered that there was human nature enough about him to cherish the notion that the first seat in the synagogue in religious matters was his acknowledged and appropriate place; and this,

perhaps, no less than his tenets, gave rise to that spirit of exclusion, which was generally too apparent in his public life. He was certainly respected as a sort of bishop by the Antinomians, and was regarded throughout their churches as "the light of the west."

The sketch I have drawn of a divine who has been long known to the public as a preacher of great eminence, and an author of some bulk, will, I doubt not, be alike unsatisfactory to two parties. His opponents may deem the outline too favourable; his friends will scarcely regard it as commonly faithful. One may think the sentiments it contains savour too much of encomium; the other may even stigmatise them as deficient in the respect due to his character, years, and station. Of a man whose private life was unimpeachable, whose disposition was in most respects truly amiable, whose talents were great, whose attainments were extraordinary, I can never speak but with unfeigned respect. But that respectful feeling must always be mingled with regret that such talents and acknowledged ministerial qualifications

should ever have been employed in advocating tenets, which, in many minds at least, must be *subversive* of the PLAINEST principles of true religion and virtue.

RETROSPECTS AND PROSPECTS

OF THE

UNIVERSITIES.

"I conceive it to be one of the advantages which the fortune of my birth reserved for me, that I was born the native of an old country. I am not satisfied to converse only with the generation of men that now happens to subsist; I wish to live in intercourse with the illustrious dead of all ages."—*Godwin's Essay on Sepulchres.*

RETROSPECTS AND PROSPECTS

OF THE

UNIVERSITIES.

WHILE new schools, new colleges, and new universities are rising around us in every direction, "thick as autumnal leaves in Vallombrosa," I am one of those who may felicitate themselves on the privilege of having had their education commenced in an old school, and completed in an old university; and most fully do I agree with Godwin in his sentimental creed, as expressed in my motto, though I differ from him *toto cœlo* in his opinions political and religious.

Yet the very position in which this author seems to have displayed the most evident acquaintance with truth, and the real philosophy of the human mind, will by many be regarded as the

only instance of imbecility in his writings. To those who are accustomed to look only on the surface of things, such feelings will appear utterly unintelligible; yet the cold-hearted satirist is little aware how extensive are the ramifications of that principle which he is pleased to make the quarry of his small artillery—how intimately it is connected with the ever-varying circumstances of man.

Existing on the narrow isthmus of the present —a shoal whose sands are continually shifting with the changeful waves around it—man's intellectual powers are perpetually occupied in inquisitive speculations on, and researches into, the vast oceans of Past and Future, which stretch away on either side of him in infinite expanse. Impelled by curiosity innate and in-dwelling, or persuaded that his present conduct may exercise a malignant or beneficial influence upon his future life, his prospective glances unceasingly seek to pierce the mysterious clouds which hang over *existence yet to be*. With feelings restrained by the consciousness that the solemn seal of reality has been impressed upon the PAST, and that the utmost

stretch of his powers would fail to change or disturb it, his individual retrospections may partake of triumph or of terror, of exultation or of remorse, but can NEVER be mingled with *curiosity* or *anxiety*.

But in looking *beyond* his OWN recollections, and out of his OWN existence, back to the generations which have successively vanished from visible being, his interest is excited, and his curiosity is roused to inquire how those men of other times played their several parts in the drama of life.

He seeks to hold converse with

"The melancholy shades of dead renowned."

"The heart flows forth in eager surmise—would fain learn the dread secrets of those mystic days of yore; and lo the time-hallowed evidences of the prowess, the genius, and the virtues of the olden days are revealed to the gaze, encompassed with a halo of venerated glory!"

And how pleasant the path which such a *humourist* treads!—how delightful the scenes of antiquarian disport or research! Unlike the ave-

nues to other sciences, whose votary is compelled to clear a passage to the temple by grubbing up loads of crabbed or rugged roots, or is enforced to collect heaps of hard and stubborn facts, wherewith to form himself a causeway through the swampy land of rudiments, and thus to transform himself into a sort of *moral M'Adam*—the path of the archæologist conducts him through a region peopled with forms, and adorned with prospects of poetic interest.

His converse is with the mighty dead. His haunts are the palace or the temple, the castle or the cloister, the cavern or the cromleche which was once *their* resort or *their* abode.

"What content," says the eloquent Bishop Taylor,* "were it to behold all the wise men of the world, and the principal inventors and masters of sciences and faculties met together in one room!—Adam, Abraham, Moses, Solomon, Zoroaster, Plato, Socrates, Aristotle, Pythagoras, Homer, Trismegistus, Solon, Lycurgus, Hippocrates, Euclid, Archimedes, and all the doctors of

* Contemplations on the State of Man, chapter 5.

the church! How venerable this junto! how admirable this assembly! and what journeys would men make to behold them!"—Something of the feeling which such a presence as the learned and amiable writer has here imagined would inspire, is enjoyed by the antiquarian when he treads upon ground consecrated by the associations which names of renown carry along with them.

Can the traveller wander over the deserts of Horeb and gaze upon Sinai frowning above him, without feelings the most powerful and absorbing, when he reflects that he stands upon the spot signalised so many centuries since by events most solemn and stupendous?

Can he view the city of David and the hill of Sion without a thousand mingled sensations, springing from the recollections with which every hill, valley, brook, and fountain of that ancient region, the classic ground of Christianity, is so fully fraught?

Can he linger upon the desolated site of Babylon, or of Nineveh, and not have his imagination excited in the most intense degree—not feel him-

self transported back to the primeval ages of man, the plains of Shinar, and the baffled magnificence of the tower of confusion?

Or, schooling his remembrance to a later period, is he not surrounded by visions of pomp, and splendour, and gorgeous imagery—the mighty walls of Babylon, its brazen gates, the vassal tribes congregated by whole nations in the plains of Dura, the assembled satraps in the palace of Belshazzar, and the immediate and overwhelming ruin which the fearful handwriting on the wall portended?

Can he explore the vestiges of Athenian glory and greatness, rest under the portico of the Parthenon, or trace the groves of Academus, without almost expecting to meet the venerable shades of Phidias, of Socrates, or of Plato, in these their ancient haunts?

Could he visit the Forum and not feel himself in the presence of the mighty master of Roman oratory? Could he pass the Straits of Thermopylæ—could he traverse the lake of Uri—explore the swamps of Athelney—or tread the field of

Falkirk without a thrill of that noble patriotism which burnt in the breasts of Leonidas, of Tell, of Alfred, and of Wallace?

There are myriads who could do thus. There are thousands who daily put it in practice. There are crowds who repair as students to the banks of Cam and of Isis with no other feeling than would possess them were they called by their avocations or their pleasures to Brighton or Birmingham.

But to *many* the universities are a classic region; to ALL who are in the *least* imbued with such feelings and opinions as those I have attempted to describe. Among these I hold it a privilege to be enrolled. I had long anticipated the delight of being numbered among the sons of Granta; and when I found myself amidst the groves, the cloisters, the towers of Cambridge, I felt as if suddenly translated into a superior state of existence—seemed to belong thenceforth to a new order of beings—appeared to claim a fellowship and a kindred with Newton and with Gray, with Erasmus and with Bacon.

I traversed the same cloisters; sauntered along the same groves; frequented the very same libraries;—what more could I do? It was the next thing to living and conversing with them. It was, as Charles Lamb would say, the next step to being admitted *ad eundem* into their society. And I did feel ennobled proportionably.

I walked under their respective mulberry-trees in the gardens of Christs and of Jesus Colleges with Cranmer and Milton. At Pembroke I visited Gray, and was willing to believe that the sweet little churchyard of Maddingley had just claims to the honour* of suggesting the topics of his immortal elegy. I paced the noble cloisters of Trinity, and the floor of its splendid library; and seemed to be honoured by the companionship of Newton, and Bentley, and Barrow, while under the wondrous vault of King's, and amidst

> —"the dim religious light
> Of storied windows richly dight,"

I was carried back to the times of the devotion,

* This distinction is also claimed for, and, by some antiquarians, assigned to Stoke Pogis in Buckinghamshire.

the magnificence, the errors, and the misfortunes of its royal founder, Henry of Windsor.

There is indeed an indescribable pleasure in identifying ourselves with ages long since vanished from existence. By this process of the mind we seem to obtain a victory over time, and to avenge the wrongs done to Porsenna.* What we lose *individually* we seem to gain as a *species*. Humanity appears to be redeemed from its character of mutability and evanescence: and in the universities, in the antiquated buildings, the characteristic dress, the monastic institutions, the peculiar manners, there is so little of what belongs to common-place and every-day life, that the illusion is in a great degree kept up, and the influence of the genius of the place is always present and prevalent with the imaginative mind.

From notions of this kind arises that feeling of something like compassion with which I regard whole squadrons of the rising generation, whose associations of the best remembered and most

* History of Porsenna, king of Russia.—Lisle.

joyous period of their lives, that of boyhood, are doomed to be no better than those of self-constituted "Academies," or at the best, "Classical and Mathematical Subscription Schools."

With due respect for each of these, where sound learning is cultivated, I yet felicitate myself on having imbibed the rudiments of education in an ancient chartered grammar-school; not one of the modern pseudo-academies, with pretence and arrogance in front, and incapacity and ignorance in the rear, but a plain-spoken though somewhat pedantic place of youthful learning—a grammar-school rather out-going its understood character, for pretensions it had none, than falling short thereof. The master, a worthy M. A. of Merton College, Oxford, pursued in portly and powdered dignity the noiseless tenor of his way: and you might as soon have expected puffing advertisements announcing that "*the business of the establishment would be resumed, after the summer recess, at Oxford or Cambridge,*" as from the punctilious and politely-phrased and high-minded master of Plemmington Free Grammar School.

The very body of that scene of youthful recollections, "its form and pressure," as it stood twenty years ago, and as I hope it stands now, is indelibly fixed in my memory; there the range of transom windows, the series of dark oaken desks, the long and lofty school-room; here the floor worn by successive generations of busy feet, while forms and desks were alike covered with the graven initials of our school-boy ancestry: all these betokened long prior occupation, and gave an interest to the *locality* which no modern building could possess.

It is contrary to nature to entertain any feeling approaching to veneration for the structure which you yourself saw only last year in its constituent elements of brick and mortar; but a glance at the tracery of the great west window, or at the transoms of the others, was sufficient to call up a thousand associations of by-gone days—the days of the restorers of religion and of learning in our land.

Methinks a place of education should claim something approaching to the separation and sa-

credness of a place of devotion! I should grieve to see one of our ancient schools, and most especially *my* school, degraded, I had almost said desecrated, by an application to any other purpose. How could I bear its transformation into a warehouse or manufactory, or any other appropriation equally foreign to the purposes for which its founders reared the seemly fabric? It is pleasing when, like Gray, we catch a distant glimpse of its spires, to be assured that a change of persons is all that has passed upon it, and not a change of things: that the same sounds of youthful plaint or youthful gladness still are heard around its walls: to be enabled to realise the feelings which dictated those, his exquisite lines—

> "I feel the gales that from you blow
> A momentary bliss bestow,
> As, waving fresh from gladsome wing,
> My weary soul they seem to soothe,
> And redolent of joy and youth
> To breathe a second spring:"

and whilst we thus seem to renew our youthful feelings amid the cares, the crosses, and the heart-

lessness of mature life, we join in the amiable poet's inquiry, so natural in such circumstances,

"What idle progeny succeed?"

to our sports and our avocations.

And thus fares it with the Oxonian or the Cantab in visiting their "antique towers" after the lapse of years. In throwing a retrospective glance over a ten terms' residence at Alma Mater, how many scenes of interest are recalled! And how naturally are we found asking ourselves who are those that in their turn now play the several parts of the academic drama!

From my quiet, remote parish, I am frequently transported at the hour of two on Sunday to Great St. Mary's into the midst of the impressive scene there displayed when a popular preacher fills the university pulpit. And does DR. BARNES, the oldest master of the oldest college in Cambridge, still occupy his accustomed corner on the left of the vice-chancellor, "*fresh as a four-year old*," as the veteran casuist himself phrases it? And who now in that pulpit supplies the place of ROSE with his lucid, faithful, and learned expositions of the dangers and errors of German religious

liberalism? Who of BENSON, elegant, impressive, affectionate? Who of LE BAS, solid, perspicuous, and convincing?

And stepping over the way to the Senate-House, what great question occupies the deliberations of the CAPUT, and divides the votes of the senate, now that the LITTLE-GO is firmly established, and duly revised, and minutely and thoroughly corrected? Is that dreaded innovation at length viewed in its true light—as a decided improvement in the course of university education? And who can forget the spirit-stirring scene which is THERE exhibited when the senior wrangler is presented to the vice-chancellor to receive the highest academic honour this kingdom has to bestow, amidst the reiterated plaudits of those best qualified to estimate the exertions and abilities of which it is the meed and testimony?

When I speak of this as the very first academic honour of the kingdom, I say it, not from any intention to institute an invidious comparison either between the two universities, or the course of study pursued by them respectively; but the assertion is grounded on the simple fact that the

highest honours at Oxford are the honours of a *class*, and are shared by many; the senior wrangler's honours are those of an *individual*—his crown is a single diadem undivided and unshared.

Yet to hear a certain class of persons babbling of the universities, many of whom were never within a hundred miles of either, you would conclude that those ancient and venerable institutions were mere nurseries of prodigality, dissipation and vice, or sinecure retreats of dulness, luxury, sloth and indolence; that the undergraduates there mispend at once money, time, and talents; that the little learning brought away from thence might be obtained better, cheaper, and quicker elsewhere; that

> "The dons and the doctors, the provosts and proctors"

care little for learning, much for good living; are far more disposed to digest the *pâtés* of Ude than the problems of Newton.

But must any department of Alma Mater plead guilty to even a part of so sweeping a charge? Must it devolve even upon that large and noble foundation, the name of whose patron saint appears thrice in the calendar, because one of those

days falls about Christmas, when the worthy residents commence a festival, which, like that of Homer's deities with the blameless Ethiopians, with whom it appears Jupiter and his suite were upon visiting terms, continues during twelve successive days? But notwithstanding there may be somewhat too much of this—notwithstanding some stray disciples of Walter de Mapes may still be found in the precincts of the university, who deem themselves most suitably employed when

> "dining under
> The portrait of their pious founder,"

many there are, very many, who have gone forth, are going forth, and will I trust long continue to go forth, fully able to uphold and vindicate the character of Cambridge, and of Oxford also, against the aspersions of the malicious and the sneers of the disappointed.

It is always more easy to point out abuses than to remedy them; to talk of the necessity of reformation, than to effect it; and that man must not only be eagle-eyed in spying out defects, but the sworn slave of passion and prejudice, who, in con-

sidering the constitution of the two universities, *while he perceives the imperfection of parts*, DOES NOT ADMIRE AND VENERATE THE SYSTEM AS A WHOLE.

With all their defects they will, I am persuaded, be found, in the issue, better calculated for blending sound learning with religious education than any other *existing* or *projected* institution whatever. Many parts of the system which excite the wrath or derision of its enemies, are the very parts which are frequently found to be productive of the most solid advantages. The semi-monastic nature of these institutions provides for that necessary abstraction of the mind, and leads to that commendable enthusiasm which are the handmaids of talent and genius. The temporary separation from the busy world and its concerns, which every student, in every walk desires to have in his power, is more attainable in a college residence than in any other place. Not that I would be understood to advocate a college life when I eulogise a college residence. I would have every man of use to his country and his kind, in his day and generation; and for that purpose I would have

him know thoroughly what great and illustrious men in every age have done and said of him, and for him, and mankind, so that he may go forth better prepared to perform the part Providence has assigned him in the world—better qualified to discharge his duty to society, to himself, and to his Maker.

This is what the universities are calculated to do, by the intentions of their founders, by their statutes, and in many respects by their practice. That they are susceptible of improvement cannot be denied. But those who lament while they admit the fact, feel sensibly the extreme difficulty of controlling so large a number of young men, for the first time partaking of the joys of freedom and independence, and glorying in the buoyancy of the spring-time of life. Hence while the conduct of the senior members is stigmatised with the character of sloth and luxury, the extravagance and dissipation of the younger students are complained of, and that frequently with justice, as injurious to health and morals, and sometimes ruinous to private fortunes.

BUT MUST ALL THE BLAME REST UPON THE

UNIVERSITY—*none upon the vanity and recklessness of the youths themselves*—none upon the parents or guardians, who send their sons or their wards to the university without any further care or inquiry—*none upon the avaricious and dishonest tradesman who supplies them with unnecessary and expensive articles at enormous prices and with* UNLIMITED CREDIT?

With all these disadvantages, it must be allowed that the university does MUCH to protect the property, and to guard the morals of those placed under its tutelage. That more might be done, can scarcely I think be denied, by the university as a body as well as by the colleges respectively. The constitution of the executive and the legislative are both well adapted to the *imperium in imperio* which they are intended to govern. The power of the university is vast, comprehensive, and effective, even arbitrary, over its subjects. But a more powerful engine than them all in this little world, as well as in the great world, is too much lost sight of, neglected, or misused;—I mean the influence of public opinion. Without this,

they may appoint proctors and pro-proctors—may pass grace after grace in the senate—levy endless impositions—proscribe *Maid's Causeway*—outlaw *Willow Walk*—and put *Brunswick Place* under the ban of the university—rusticate—expel—all without effect.

But let their wholesome university and college regulations be seconded by the countenance and by the example of the "right worshipful the vice-chancellor, the reverend and learned the masters, professors, fellows, proctors, and all that bear office in this our body." Let no officer be found who would ridicule the laws he affected to be carrying into execution—let no functionary treat with levity the principles of that religion, and the sanctions of those morals whereof he is the constituted guardian—*let Sunday breakfast-parties be hunted out, and cried down*—let the degrading habit of intoxication be stigmatised wherever detected, as unworthy, not only of a student in a Christian university, but of a gentleman—let all vice, *however fashionable or aristocratic*, be denounced and uniformly discountenanced—and one term would be suf-

ficient to prove the irresistible influence of public opinion.*

By undeviatingly following *such*, or a similar course, the system of the universities would have fair play. The advantages of their peculiar constitutions would then be too conspicuous to be mistaken, too manifest to be denied. The isolation † which the student may command, the libraries, the lectures, the facilities of instruction on all sides presented to him, would appear what they really are to a well-regulated mind, most valuable and most delightful.

Cambridge and Oxford have each a little world of their own;—their own government, politics, fashions, hopes and fears. Amidst the various habits and propensities of so large a body, there are many among the undergraduates who have, or

* "A little impulse is sometimes sufficient to set in motion the stream of popular opinion, which, gathering force, year after year, from continual accessions of experience and reflection, swells at last into an irresistible current, and sweeps away the stubbornest mudbanks of corruption and error."—Sir James M'Intosh.

† "Who shall be able to fix his attention amidst the hurry and dissipation of life? Who can meditate on wisdom with the noise of folly sounding incessantly in his ears?"—Bishop Horne.

affect to have, no knowledge whatever of university matters! These in my day were the "*varmint men.*"* In what style and title they now delight I know not; but is it not recorded in the Sporting Magazine?

Of the two universities, though nearly equidistant from the metropolis, Cambridge appears to be the most retired, Oxford being a much greater thoroughfare. The colleges there are also more interspersed with houses and shops; while at Cambridge they form, for the most part, a beautiful suburb surrounding a large portion of the town; a circumstance which seems to justify that antithetical and proverbial description—Oxford is an university in a town, Cambridge a town in an university. Both, however, are sufficiently prompt to assert their supremacy and paramount dignity over the townsmen; and Cambridge, though a populous town, seems of little importance but

* One of the fraternity I well remember. He went in to the *Little-go* of 1824 professing not to know whether it was the Anacharsis of the Abbé Barthelemy or the Anabasis of Xenophon which had been appointed as one of the subjects! And the *result proved* it.

as the handmaid to the wants of the university.

On all these accounts, and on many others, the locality, the habits and the peculiarities of the old universities, boast inherent advantages, which their infant and embryo rivals neither possess nor profess to offer.

And here may I be permitted to express my wonderment at the projected establishment, "King's College?" If, with regard to the London University, it was borne out by cogent reasoning that the metropolis was a most unfit place for such an institution, I profess myself at a loss to know why a FOURTH college or university is necessary, when a *third* was superfluous! Unless, indeed, it be on the principle that as there *would* be a London University, in which religion forms no part of the system of education, there *should* be one in which it is an avowed part: so that the citizen of London or of Westminster in choosing a place of education for his heir, may be enabled to say

"My bane and antidote are both before me,"

Neither Cam nor Isis can have aught to fear

from the rivalry of seminaries boasting the gloss of novelty, powerful as this attraction is known to be in a day when novelty is almost regarded as another name for excellence.

There are certain particulars in which rivalry will be impossible. In speaking of upstart greatness, Washington Irving represents the heir of an old English family congratulating himself that, "though they may build new mansions, they cannot raise an avenue of oaks."

And so in the case of the universities:—in the time-hallowed associations which invest them with a venerable glory they possess grandeur and riches which your contemporary institutions can never realise.

Fare ye well, then, ye juvenile rivals! May ye be as successful as your best friends desire, so long as true religion, pure morality, and sound learning are made the objects of your institutions! You may be truly respectable in your way; your supporters and advocates may be "all honourable men;" but in good sooth I should think much more highly of you both did you happen to be about a thousand years older. A devoted, a pre-

possessed, perhaps a prejudiced, son of Granta rejoices that *his* college associations are connected with her venerable glories, rather than with your infant prospects. Creatures of habit and children of association as we are, once more do I felicitate myself as the son of an old university, the native of an old country, whose venerated institutions have grown up together, and are identified in the records of history.'

REGINALD HEBER.

"THE HUMAN INTELLECT CANNOT DECAY. However it may vary in its manifestations and alter in its course, its progress must be perpetual. It may, like the ocean, have its ebbs and flows; at some periods its spring-tides of poetry, at others of philosophy and science; it may now advance on one point of the shore of knowledge, and now recede from another: individual efforts may be overwhelmed and driven back, but the main and mighty tide is rapidly coming on. No chains of man may confine its force—no power of time can arrest its progress. The voice of Omnipotence alone may bid its proud waves be stayed; and that voice has said to them—ROLL ON." MISS JEWSBURY.

"Tho' sculptors with mistaken art,
Place weeping angels round the tomb;
Yet when the good and great depart,
These shout to bear the conquerors home:
Glad they survey their labours o'er,
And hail them to their native skies;
Attend their passage to the shore,
And with their mounting spirits rise."

ANON.

REGINALD HEBER.

ONE of the pleasantest recollections of a life, in which there has been somewhat of vicissitude and much of variety, is that of Heber—of Heber the poet, the pastor, the indefatigable prelate, and the willing martyr. It has been observed, sadly but truly, that life would be a burden but for hope and memory. Alas! the longer we exist, the stronger is the assent wrung from us to the truth of the remark. The former, 'mid the anguish of bereavement, cheers us with the certainty of the final reunion of the wise and good; the latter, in the moment of trial and temptation, strengthens us, by again and again recalling for our support and imitation their piety, their integrity, their fortitude, and their constancy.

"Ne me plaignez pas," was the sentiment ap-

plied to Howard, and with the most perfect propriety might it be inscribed over the resting-place of the Indian prelate: "Ne me plaignez pas si vous saviez combien de peines ce tombeau m'a épargné."

My first sight of Heber was in the theatre at Oxford, during his recitation of "Palestine." It seems but yesterday. Again I stand within that noble building, crowded to its very summit; again am I hurried along by an overwhelming irruption of the gownsmen; again I see the nervous, agitated countenance of his brother, and the deliciously complacent smile of Dr. ——, who in vain essayed that his dignity, as head of a house, should o'ermaster his satisfaction at having Heber for an alumnus;—again I hear the welcome given the young poet, as he calmly and modestly stepped forward, and then sinking almost instantaneously into the most profound silence as he commenced his poem; again I join in the well-earned plaudits, long and loud, which accompanied its close.

It ranks among the best, if it is not the very best Prize Poem which Oxford ever produced. Yet it may be doubted whether any but a scrip-

tural subject would have inspired Heber's muse; whether, in fact, upon any other thesis he could, or would have called forth his matchless powers. The sensation it produced at Oxford was prodigious. Some wicked wag has observed that the best, and indeed the only return we can make to modern Prize Poems is, to forget them. It was not so with "Palestine." Go where you would, its merits were the subject of discussion. Yet the event which, to the happy few who could boast the poet's acquaintance, was matter of such just exultation—and from those who could claim the dearer tie of kindred, drew even tears of joy—appeared to make no kind of impression upon Heber himself. There was nothing of elation, far less of assumption, visible in his manner or conversation. The same mild, gentle demeanour—the same equable flow of spirits—the same kind and considerate disposition—the same cordial sincerity of manner, and the same subdued gravity of address, characterised the medallist as they had formerly done the man. He was proof against the intoxication of success. Him fortune might exalt, but was unable to inebriate.

There is no picture of him extant that, to the minds of many who knew him well, does him justice. Perhaps he was a difficult subject for a painter. His singular depth of forehead—the air of manly candour, of mild but steady purpose so impressed on every portion of his finely-developed brow—the intellect that flashed in his bright but tranquil eye—the look of repose about the mouth when he was silent, and the peculiar play and matchless beauty of its expression when speaking—and the air of peculiar gravity which at all times characterised him—these were, perhaps, beyond the painter's art to combine.

This air of gravity, which was very observable in early life, deepened as years rolled over him. In almost any other man it would have appeared artificial and unnatural. In him it was neither. It was inherent in his character; it was part and parcel of the man; and it became him well. It was not the affected gravity of a recluse; nor the churlish gravity of a misanthrope; nor the gravity engendered by spiritual pride—"Stand apart, I am holier than thou;"—nor the gravity so convenient to those who have very great pretensions and a very slender foundation on which to rest them;

but the gravity of one who felt he had a heavy responsibility to discharge, and the most solemn obligations to fulfil.

* * * *

Years rolled away; and with them, I am ashamed to confess, much of the freshness of my recollections of Heber and "Palestine," till during a short sojourn at Wem both were revived in full force; for there I was brought into personal contact with the Rector of Hodnet.

His discharge of the parochial duties has been warmly commended; but can never be over-rated. I was allowed to be present at one of his pastoral visits. It was a permission which I highly prized; would that I had profited by it as I ought!

The circumstances of the case were somewhat peculiar. There was in the parish an old man who had been a notorious poacher* in his youth,

* Will the game laws ever be abolished? Would that those noble lords who so sturdily maintain their use and excellence, could profit by Sir F—— P——'s "conclusion on the whole matter." He had been a keen sportsman, and proverbially tenacious. "You have abundance of game," said Lord R——r. "I have: but—but—*it has been the bane of my life!* The expense—the vexations—the animosities—the heart-burnings—it has caused me, are incalculable! The pleasant acquaintances it has lost me—the

and through the combined influence of his irregular mode of life, drunken habits, and depraved associates, had settled down into an irreligious old age. He was a widower—had survived his children, shunned all society, and was rarely seen abroad. The sole inmate of his lonely cottage was a little grandchild, in whom were bound up all the sympathies of his rugged nature, and on whom he lavished the warmest caresses.

It was considered an unaccountable departure from his usual line of conduct, when he permitted little Philip to attend the Rector's school. "Why not?" was the old man's reply; "d'ye think I wish Phil to be as bad as myself? *I'm black enough, God knows!*"

The old man was taken ill, and confined to his room. It was winter. He was unable to divert his mind. His complaint was a painful one; and

intimacies it has interrupted—the friendships it has broken up—and the blood it has spilt—by Jove, my Lord, when I reflect on all these circumstances, I am persuaded that the game laws are the devil's own system; for he only could originate a code that has such results. Twenty years ago I thought differently. Had I my life *now* to go over again, I would say, Take it—shoot it: in—— name do as you like with it, so long as I am freed from the evils by which, if I preserve it, I am sure to be harassed!"

there was every probability that his illness might be of long continuance. A neighbour suggested that his little grandson should read to him. He listened at first languidly and carelessly; by and bye with some degree of interest; till at length his little grandchild became the means of fanning into a flame the faint spark of religious feeling which yet lingered in the old man's breast.

He expressed a wish that Mr. Heber should visit him; and the good work which it pleased Providence youthful innocence should begin, matured piety was to carry on and complete. It was no ordinary spectacle. The old man lay upon his bed, in a corner of the room, near the trellised window. His features were naturally hard and coarse; and the marked lines of his countenance were distinctly developed by the strong light which fell upon them. Aged and enfeebled as he was, he seemed fully alive to what was passing around him; and I had leisure to mark the searching of his eye as he gazed, with the most intense anxiety, on his spiritual comforter, and weighed every word that fell from him. The simplicity in which Heber clothed every idea—the facility with which he descended to the level of the old man's

comprehension — *the earnestness with which he strove not to be misunderstood*—and the manner in which, in spite of himself, his voice occasionally faltered as he touched on some thrilling points of our faith, struck me forcibly; while Philip stood on the other side of the bed, his hand locked in his grandfather's—his bright blue eye dimmed with tears as he looked sadly and anxiously from one face to another; evidently aware that some misfortune awaited him, though unconscious to what extent.

The old man died—died in a state of mind so calm, so subdued, so penitent and resigned, "that I feel myself cheered in my labours," said Heber, "whenever I reflect upon it." Heber himself officiated at the funeral. I shall never forget—I never wish to forget—if I were cast to-morrow on a desert island, it is one of the few things I should care to remember of the world I had left behind me—the air, the manner, the look, the expression of hope, and holy joy, and steadfast confidence, which lit up his noble countenance as he pronounced this passage of our magnificent* ritual;

* The present Primate has pointedly alluded to the beauties of the Burial Service in a charge delivered by him in 1826, while pre-

"O Father, raise us from the death of sin unto the life of righteousness, that when we shall depart this life we may rest in thee *as, our hope is,* this our brother doth."

* * * *

The next, and, alas! the last time that I saw Heber, was in July 1823, at the house of his old friend Mrs. M——s, near Malpas. He came to bid her farewell. She was then very far advanced in life; and the parting threatened to be, as it indeed proved, for ever. The interview was short —one that was evidently painful to both parties; but which neither would have been easily persuaded to forego. The Bishop alluded to his approaching departure for Calcutta—to the struggle which he admitted his acceptance of the Indian mitre had cost him; but remarked that a clergyman's life was a life of sacrifices; that he had considered the call as one of duty; and as such,

siding over the See of London. His Grace presses the importance of performing it with heartfelt devotion and impressive solemnity, as the only one of our services which many Dissenters ever hear! Such an opportunity should not be lost. The passage—it is well worth perusal—will be found in the last page.

only, obeyed it. He said this promptly—cheerfully. The old lady replied to his observation with a mournful smile. The Bishop then proceeded to detail some of the arrangements which had been made for his voyage, and the anxiety which he felt that the spiritual interests of his people at Hodnet should be cared for and considered during his absence.

"Well, Reginald, you must never expect *me* to address you as 'My Lord;' my heart won't let me own your title. God be with you go where you may! If you only effect half the good you propose, India will have cause to remember your episcopacy to the end of time. Your welfare, my dear Reginald, to whom I owe so much, will never cease to be an object of my prayers."

"May they be answered—may they be answered!" said the Bishop, with extreme emotion. "And now, my dear madam, farewell! If we meet again on earth, may we be nearer heaven!—if we meet no more here below, may we meet *in* heaven!"

She held out her hand—which he kissed with affectionate reverence—and bade him farewell.

They parted as those who are well aware that

life is made up of adieus—that the sorrows of separation are not eternal; but that there is a place of reunion for the good and great of all nations, countries, kindreds, tongues, and languages, in the blissful mansions of their Father's house.

He died almost in the discharge of his public duties—while the blessing yet lingered on his lips. It was, indeed, a costly sacrifice which was thus offered on the altar of the spiritual improvement of India! Yet HE would not have thought it so! In his posthumous work there is not the slightest allusion to the prospects which he surrendered; to the fame, and ease, and independence, which so surely awaited him in his native land, and which he *cheerfully resigned;* not a murmur—not a regret is perceptible. It was a costly sacrifice, I repeat it; yet in the opinion of those who are best able to form a judgment on the subject, the CAUSE has been advanced by it at least ten years. The effect which his example produced in India is described, by some who witnessed it, as without precedent. The luxurious, the selfish, the sensual, the indifferent, the sceptical, saw a spectacle

which amazed them—the union of the highest talent with the most ardent piety. They saw a man whose mind was stored with the most varied acquirements—a man of the most versatile powers—a man whose taste was imbued with the most classic elegance, and whose imagination glowed with a thousand images of sublimity and beauty, acting up to and living under the all-pervading influence of personal religion. This, in that land of unrestrained indulgence, was a spectacle as striking as it was unusual; and, in this manner, Bishop Heber preached a sermon every hour of his existence.

Much and deeply as his demise has been lamented, would that it had had the effect of stirring up the hearts of the people of this country to rally round—would that it had aroused them to a sense of the value, the importance, the duty, of cherishing that Society of whose vast consequence the Bishop was so thoroughly persuaded, and whose interests literally occupied his *dying thoughts!*

I ALLUDE TO THE SOCIETY FOR THE PROPAGATION OF THE GOSPEL IN FOREIGN PARTS.

Strange that the services of this venerable

institution* should be overlooked or forgotten! Strange that while societies, admirably adapted for the land of Utopia, are puffed, and praised, and supported—Societies for Promoting Christianity among the Laplanders, Societies for the Conversion of Gipsies, Continental Societies, Reformation Societies; while each and all of these SOCIETIES have their itinerant advocates who tell us what *they are to do*, the sterling merits and weighty services of the Propagation Society are slurred over; when in India, at Bishop's College, and in our North American Colonies, her eulogists may so proudly and triumphantly point out WHAT AND HOW MUCH SHE HAS ACTUALLY EFFECTED!

Surely, surely, the period is come when she

* Many expedients have been proposed for augmenting her income. Among others, a writer in John Bull suggested—John, with all his faults, has ever been an uncompromising supporter of the Church—that a list should be published of those richly beneficed clergymen, and they are many, who contribute not a shilling to the Society's funds. It is not however the individual subscriptions of the body of clergy, or of any body, that are sufficient: their influence—their efforts—the facilities they possess for making known her past usefulness and her present necessities—this is what is imperatively required from them—*and this is all that is wanted.*

will no longer be permitted to languish on an income of barely six thousand a year!*

Of Heber it may be truly said—*extinctus amabitur!*

It has been remarked, that for the Church he has not lived long enough:—he has not. But how long must he have lived to induce her to say his existence had been sufficiently protracted? Depart when he would, in her grief she would have complained of his being subject to the laws of mortality; for when would she have been content to part with one she so highly valued?

* "Hitherto it has advanced its pretensions with a sobriety and reserve which, perhaps, are not altogether alien from the sacredness and solemnity of the cause to which it is devoted. But the time is now come when the wisdom which gave birth to this establishment must be earnestly, and *almost passionately*, justified of her children. She must *cry aloud, and spare not:* without casting an evil eye on the splendid revenues of other institutions, it is yet their duty to protest loudly, incessantly, and vehemently against the national disgrace of suffering the Society for Propagating the Gospel to languish upon an income of only six thousand pounds a year!"—*Christian Remembrancer.*

THE END.

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